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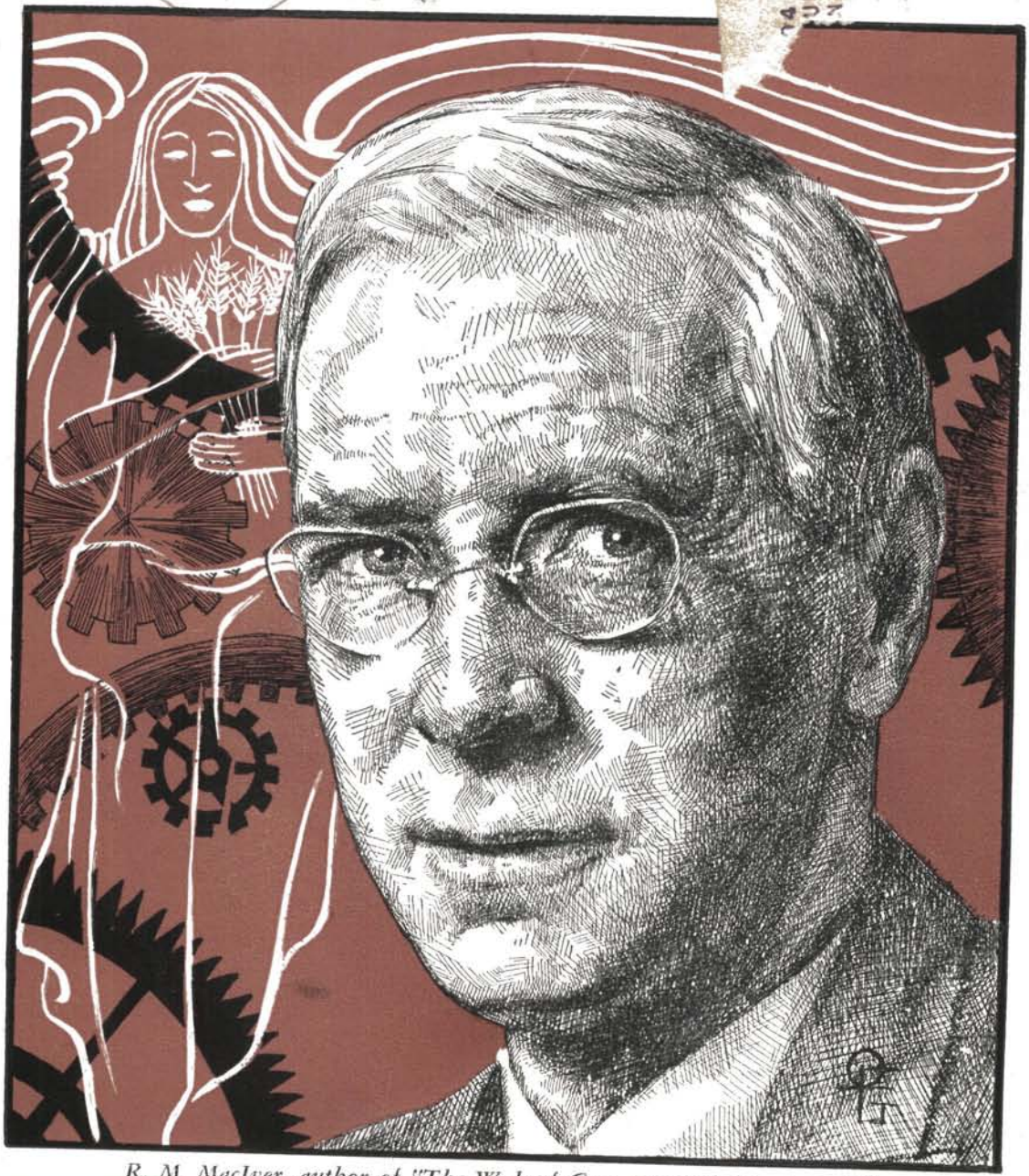

R. M. MacIver, author of "The Web of Government." (See page 11)

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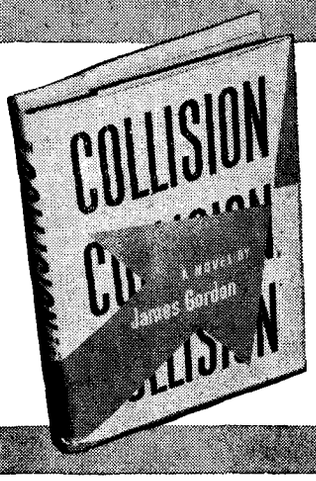

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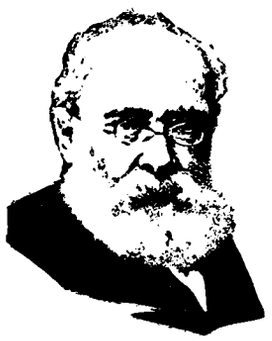

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TRADE Winds

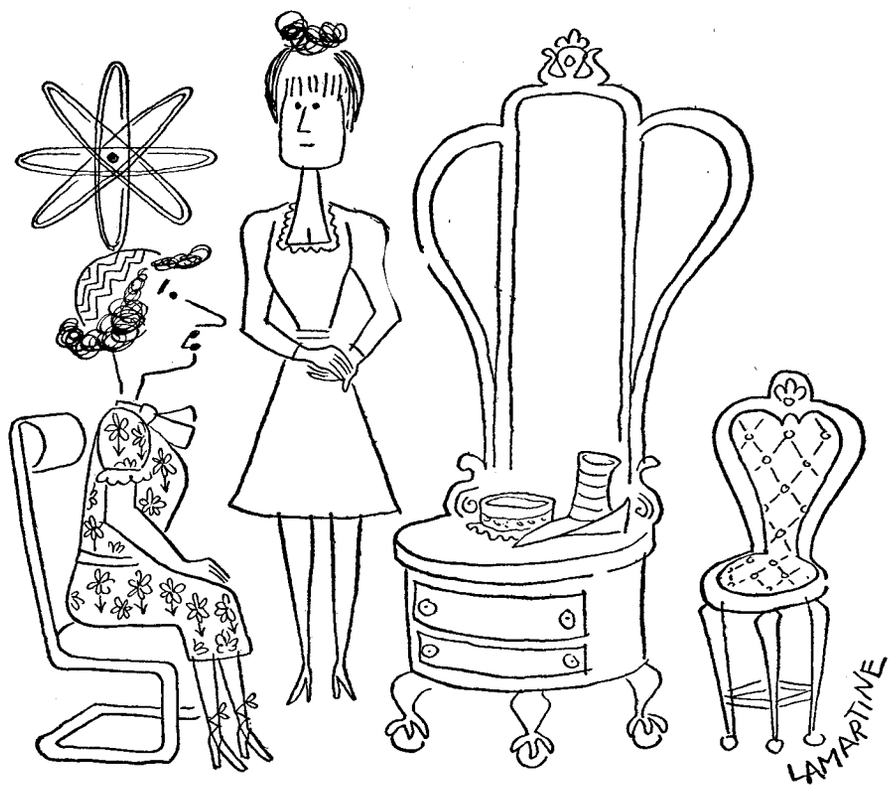
ADDITION OF the *Los Angeles News* and the *Vancouver Sun* to the list of newspapers carrying the book reviews and notes of Sterling North and Clip Boutell brings the current total to nineteen—by far the widest coverage for this type of feature in journalistic annals. The other papers now subscribing to the service are the *New York Post, Dayton News, Knoxville Journal, Oregon Journal, Washington Post, New Orleans States, Columbus Citizen, Bronx Home News, Cincinnati Enquirer, Indianapolis News, Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel, Atlanta Constitution, Newport News Press, Buffalo Courier Express, Cleveland News,* and *Houston Chronicle.* . . . These papers could make an interesting experiment by setting up a uniform book page for a couple of trial issues and offering publishers a club rate for a display advertisement in all nineteen media. . . . Sterling North's original scenario for Walt Disney will be released this spring under the title of "How Dear to My Heart," featuring a ballad sequence by the incomparable Burl Ives. When Disney heard Ives sing his soft, haunting old folk-songs, he substituted them without hesitation for a score that had been composed especially for this picture. . . . One of Clip Boutell's best yarns concerns the time John Woodburn dined copiously at a nobby restaurant, and then found he had left his wallet at home. The manager let him sign a chit for the amount, and a few mornings later a little man arrived at John's publishing office to present it for collection. "The man said who he was but I just couldn't believe it," the receptionist told Woodburn. "Finally I made him write it down. Look!" Woodburn looked. The slip read in a wavering scrawl, "Louis XIV." . . .

DAVID L. COHN, in his new book, "This Is the Story" (Houghton Mifflin), tells of the day a Southern Congressman angrily informed the House Military Affairs Committee that, while our boys were fighting in distant climes, thousands of their wives were leading "lives of scarlet sin." The allotments of these Jezebels, he proclaimed, should be cut in half. Congresswoman Clare Luce jumped to her feet and said that, although she agreed with the gentleman, he had stated but half the case. She proposed that wherever it was shown that the soldier abroad was living in sin, the allotment of his wife ought to be doubled. No further action was taken. . . . Back in 1837, the South Hadley Seminary, which later became Mt. Holyoke College, was determined there would be no Jezebels within *its* gates. Here are a few of its rules, typed out for me by the comely Lillian Gray of San Jose:

1. Admission. No young lady shall become a member of this school who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, and repeat the multiplication table.
2. Outfit. No cosmetics, perfumeries, or fancy soap will be allowed on the premises.
3. Exercise. Every member of this school shall walk at least a mile every day, unless a freshet, earthquake, or some other calamity prevent.
4. Company. No member of this school is expected to have any male acquaintances unless they are retired missionaries or agents of some benevolent society.
5. Time at the Mirror. No member of this institution shall tarry before the mirror more than three consecutive minutes.
6. Reading. No member of this school shall devote more than one hour each week to miscellaneous reading. *The Atlantic Monthly,* Shakespeare, Scott's novels, "Robinson Crusoe," and immoral works are strictly forbidden. The *Boston Recorder, Missionary Herald,* and Washington's Farewell Address are earnestly recommended for *light reading.*

IF SOME alert publisher would compile a book of radio fluffs—the inadvertent mistakes of rattled performers and announcers—it might achieve as big a sale as Juliet Lowell's "Dear Sir or Madam," or Viking's book of famous boners. In a single week, one bemused master of ceremonies declared, "And now we bring you the only living ex-President of the United States, Mr. Hoovie Heber—I mean, Mr. Heevie Hoober — oh heck, you know who I mean," and another, extolling the virtues of a huge corporation, labeled it "the largest producers in America of magnoosium, aleeminum, and stool!" . . . An architect suggested Gothic style for a new building on the University of Chicago campus. "Let's write and ask the people at Oxford what they have to say on the subject," suggested a member of the committee. Back came a letter from an Oxford don: "I'm sorry to inform you we have not used Gothic at this university for the past six hundred years!" . . .

Miguel Covarrubias, the author of "Mexico South" (Knopf), was describing the rugged, impassable terrain of eighty per cent of that country. "I was driving on a dirt road on the hills about fifty miles from Mexico City one day," he said, "when I lost my way. Eventually, I passed a farmer and asked him, 'How can I get from here to the city?' He looked at me



"Are you sure it's safe?"

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"From where I sit"

OFFHAND, the only trouble with humor that I can think of is that people incline not to take it seriously. This, of course, is the fault of people and not of humor, but it's humor or the humorist that suffers. People ought to come to understand that when something is said or done or written in fun it isn't necessarily "*all* in fun." Humor and humorists have their dignity too.

I mention this because when you come to read **Jimmy Potts Gets A Haircut** by GEORGE PANETTA, you're liable to think it's so funny that you won't see the truth of it. If, as Stoopnagle says, people have more fun than anybody, they also have more misery, and get more preposterously confused. Take the case of Jimmy Potts. All he was doing, for heaven's sake, was following instructions; he was just walking along the street on the way to Mr. Romani's barbershop, carrying a note of instructions about the haircut because his mother supposed that he was a little too young to have judgment of his own in such matters. What his mother never realized was that a small boy has ideas of his own on things you've forgotten you've dreamed of.

So it was quite natural that he fed the note of instruction to the horse who was parked by the curb. And it was quite natural that Mr. Romani had difficulty in articulating a note which was being digested by a horse. And it was quite natural that as he cut round and round, he also cut higher and higher. And it was quite natural that the neighborhood bully, Ignatius Romani, should feel tempted to write "cat" on Jimmy's bald head. And it was quite natural that, lying with the sun in her eyes, Hannah Klein should hear a moving van careen by and see bald Jimmy stagger to the curb and put screech and bald together and decide that he had been hit by a truck. And what more natural than that the head doctor in Bellevue should hear Jimmy's fantastic story about the grasshopper and the Sandman and decide that Jimmy had lost his mind from internal injuries of the head?

So don't do GEORGE PANETTA the dishonor of not recognizing he knows what he's up to.

paul

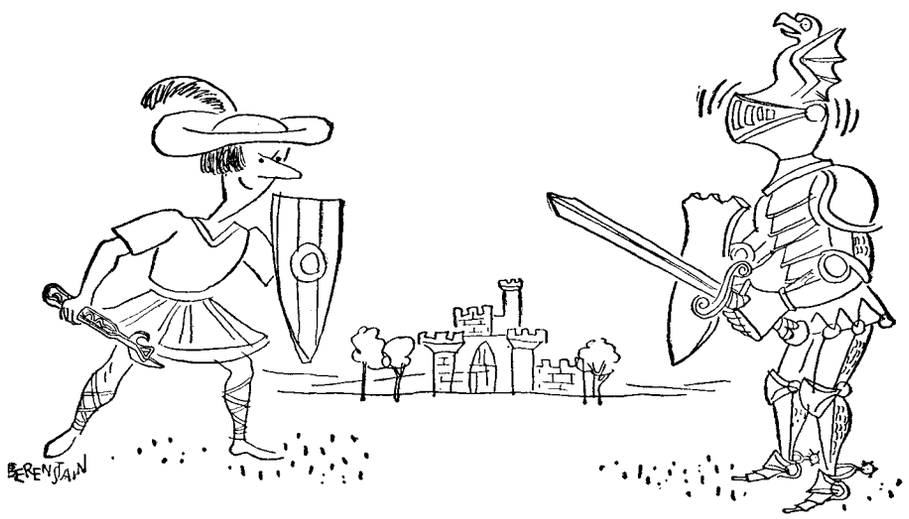
DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

quite calmly and said, 'You can't'!" . . . When Samuel Grafton was in Mexico, he met one local official who had spent a few seemingly unproductive months in New York and Massachusetts. "In the cities no bull fights," he complained. "In the country no Indians! What kind of place do you call that?" . . .

THE MILWAUKEE Public Library Reader, championing the cause of the book publisher, offers the following item:

> One frequently hears the charge that best sellers are the result of special promotion by the publishers, and that the sales success of a book seldom has any relation to its true value. We cannot deny that "book-advertising" often plays its part in the making of a best seller, but on the heels of so pat a statement comes the grim thought: Where would a lot of the really good books be if it weren't for the foresight of the publisher? Call him the entrepreneur of literature, if you will, but give him due credit. He is important in this age of high-speed printing and wide distribution. Indeed, he was important a century ago, as witness the story of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
>
> Hawthorne, who was very shy—almost a recluse—received a visit in 1849 from the busy Boston publisher James T. Fields. The author was in a despondent and self-belittling mood, but the publisher, who had just taken over Hawthorne's short stories from a former publisher, was full of enthusiasm for the work of the Salem writer. He urged him to start at once to write something for publication, and even accused Hawthorne of having a manuscript hidden in his bureau drawer. The writer shook his head and saw no reason why he should attempt anything, since his publishers had been so many years trying to sell his "Twice Told Tales." But as Fields hurried away to catch his train, Hawthorne called him back and gave him a manuscript. "I don't know how you knew it was there," he said, "but take it and see if it's worth printing. It's either very bad or very good." Fields published it. The title: "The Scarlet Letter." . . .

EXECUTIVES OF THE Abraham Lincoln Bookshop in Chicago are proud of their write-up in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post.* It concluded with the story of the customer who appeared one day to ask the founder, Ralph Newman, for items pertaining to Lincoln's assassination. "Wait a few days," counseled Newman. "The definitive book on the subject is coming out. It's by a very fine fellow named Eisenschiml." "I'm Eisenschiml," said the man, and promptly became one of the volunteer vice-presidents. . . . The *Wall Street Journal,* gently ribbing local columnists who triumphantly credit themselves with "exclusives" on inconsequential drivel, recalled the Southwestern editor who would kill front-page stories of world-wide importance in order to scoop other papers in the region on local or sectional items. One day he accomplished the minor triumph of being the first and only editor to report a disaster in a nearby town. The following week he scored another distinct beat with this announcement: "We were the first to announce the news of the destruction of Jenkins paint store last week. We are now the first to announce that the report was absolutely without foundation." . . . Notes Lucius Beebe: "Even when a Harvard man flunks out he becomes a Bum of Distinction." . . .



To show what family life in Washington is like these days, Kay Halle tells of the seven-year-old daughter of a correspondent who was shown a reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Virgin and the Christ Child." "That is Jesus when He was a baby," explained the mother. "Who's that holding Him?" asked the youngster. "A sitter?" BENNETT CERF.

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"I give you this wish to remember."

THERE are many things for which we are grateful to the Scotch—tweeds, Rrrrobbie Burns, heather, usquebaugh, and Robert Louis Stevenson. It was to the prayer on a memorial to RLS in Edinburgh that we turned when we thought of another, and even more widely known three-initial man, FDR.

"Give us courage," goes the prayer, "and gaiety and the quiet mind, spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies." RLS, the frail writer, had some powerful and active moments; FDR, the robust performer, had some weak ones. And yet the courage, the gaiety, the friends, and the enemies make a common denominator for two indomitable spirits.

The phenomenon that was Franklin Delano Roosevelt is one which will be assessed properly only when the world has grown older. To some of us who have voted in presidential elections which did not include his name, it is hard to imagine the attitude of those young thousands who believed Hoover and Coolidge and Harding were sort of contemporaries of Lincoln. Many of those younger ones, voters now or soon to be, have a point of view politically partisan yet warm with the memory of FDR's personality.

What made him the man he was, so liked and so disliked, is the substance of FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, an informal biography by Alden Hatch. For a man to have been four times elected to the highest office of this country is some indication of his appeal to great numbers of people. Many of them will long remember the tones of his voice—and still recall the circumstances of his long tenure of office.

Looking backward from the supreme job of commander-in-chief, there was the formulation of our foreign policy, and our firm stand on the side of democracy. (FDR had been through that turmoil once before as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Wilson.) Before that came the problems of internal affairs in a faltering economy, and that felicitous phrase which will stick in men's minds—"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Perhaps Roosevelt was not a great economist, but he knew how to use men, their emotions, and the tools at hand; he knew how to act when courage was needed.

Before the Presidency, the governorship of New York State. Before that? How many remember that *That Man* started his first campaign for the governorship by leaving Warm Springs before his recuperation there was completed—because Al Smith needed Roosevelt's support. What Roosevelt wanted was the quiet mind and rest in the place which had done so much for him. But the insistent phone calls kept coming, and it was no idle promise John J. Raskob made when he told Roosevelt, "I'll take care of Warm Springs." For, as Alden Hatch reports, Roosevelt had extended to the furthest breaking point his own personal fortune to finance the Warm Springs Foundation. It was only the tremendous popular response to the March of Dimes idea that saved the Foundation and Roosevelt's private finances from going down together.

His gratefulness and championship of Warm Springs was the visible expression of a courageous spirit that had met and conquered a greater challenge than most of us have to face. The story of Roosevelt's fight against the crippling disease, which struck so suddenly, is a heartening one, reported in detail after Alden Hatch consulted the records of the doctor in charge of the case.

And before that? Roosevelt had already lived half of a full life. He had been defeated for the Vice Presidency when he was running mate to James Cox. He had worked with and been inspired by Woodrow Wilson, the man who FDR admitted had a greater "sense of history" than his own. He had infuriated the Uncle Ted he sincerely loved by running for Senator on the Democratic ticket in New York State. He had served in Albany, and made lasting friends of Bob Wagner, Al Smith, Louis McHenry Howe.

As for FDR's earlier and personal life, it is revealed with friendly sympathy—the very early meeting with, and later courtship of his cousin Eleanor; his life at college and the national news scoop when he got President Eliot of Harvard to say whether he was voting for Bryan or Teddy Roosevelt in 1900. (FDR, still three Novembers short of a vote, campaigned for Bryan.) Before that, Groton, stamps, ships; and before that, the strains of two sturdy pioneering families converging when James Roosevelt, at 52, took a second wife named Sara Delano, just half his age.

Alden Hatch has no political axe to grind in this smooth and simple biography He is friendly, but in 1932 he was on the other side of the political fence, and he can point out errors as well as advances. He started research for the biography before Roosevelt died, and both friends and family continued their cooperation. That is why the book has the freshness and immediacy of today. It may not *be* history, but it is the stuff of which history is made right from the first incident. This was the occasion of youthful Franklin's first visit to the White House, after which, on parting, President Cleveland gave his young visitor some advice. "Franklin," he said solemnly, "I give you this wish to remember. Pray God that He never let you become President of the United States."

Franklin D. Roosevelt

An informal biography

By ALDEN HATCH
author of GENERAL IKE
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Philosophy and Young Men

IRWIN EDMAN

THE class in Introduction to Philosophy had been meeting for a whole college year, three times a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at eleven. The group of forty had acquired that indefinable solidarity that a miscellany of students does sometimes achieve by the end of the semester. We all knew one another's intellectual quirks; we had met in all sorts of physical and intellectual weather. We had discussed Kant's proofs for the existence of God during a blizzard, and Bergson's *élan vital* on a lazy spring day. A crowd of young strangers had become, up to a certain point at least, a society of friends. Even the large football player could be roused from his lethargy, and quite on his own instigation ask and answer questions. Young men who at the beginning of the semester did not even more than suspect what the word philosophy meant, had come to move easily at least in the vocabulary that professional philosophers affect and had begun, I think, to guess what they more deeply portended. One youngster, much to the amused delight of the remainder of the class, had even casually one day, and as if he used the term every day and at the family dinner table, spoke of the "undifferentiated esthetic continuum," which he had picked up in a book review of a recent widely noticed tome. Some of the members of the class had developed into agile dialecticians; others had, in the course of studying other people's philosophies, come to light on one of their own, or to recognize in a classic thinker a kindred spirit.

It is, I suppose, one of the chief pleasures of teaching, to watch ideas take root and flower in the minds of the young, to note the surprise and pleasure with which youngsters rediscover for themselves—though perhaps aided a little—notions, issues, problems, that have provoked and kindled the minds of men in generation after generation. It is one of the instructive sadnesses of teaching, too, to see how in the very young there begin to bud the intellectual and moral vices of their elders, and the intellectual and moral prejudices of their predecessors. Even at eighteen or nineteen it is possible to seek above all to make the worse appear the better cause. Cynicism, callousness, reactionary fears, and irresponsible hopes can control the beginner in life and thought as well as the veteran. Some of these striplings had already been miseducated by their families far beyond redemption.

We had gone through the usual round of philosophical issues. By this time, as their quiz books showed, I could count on their knowing the characteristic problems, the typical answers, of the philosophical tradition. They knew what doubts and ambiguities resulted from reflection upon knowledge itself, how puzzling the meaning of such familiar terms as appearance and reality. They knew, too, that Right and Wrong were not as simple or unqualified as they had supposed, nor for that matter were Good and Evil. They could be expected to be able to explain—for examination purposes anyway—Plato's picture of the perfect state, Aristotle's notion of the middle way, Descartes's conception of clear and distinct ideas, Hume's notion of cause, and Mill's of the good as measured by utility. I suspect that the reader of these pages will remember, with a kind of nostalgia, how twenty or thirty or forty years ago he, too, once had some traffic with these things, and how, perhaps, certain images of philosophy and the philosophers cling to his mind: the *tabula rasa* of Locke as an image of the mind before it has received any knowledge, the notion of "better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied," John Stuart Mill's way of saying that some pleasures are better than others. The very mention of the names of philosophers will perhaps recall to the reader the doubts, the perplexities, the anxieties of his youth, and even revive these doubts at this late and yellowed now. Or, perhaps in self-defense and to protect the uneasy equilibrium he has established with life, the reader will brush all these things aside, as some of my students did, as the unnecessary refinements of philosophers and speculations fit for callow boys—or for professors.

WELL, here we were, the class and I, facing each other for the last time in the academic year. It was late spring, and the minds of some of the students were undoubtedly already on other things, summer jobs, love, next year's courses, and for some whose last year at college it was, their future. Should it be law school, or business, or perhaps graduate work and teaching? But I flattered myself that some of them, at least, came to this last class with feelings of special interest and even excitement, of a little sadness, even of a little regret. And some of them, I knew, had saved up certain questions not dissimilar, perhaps, to those which they had asked on the very first day of the course, questions which neither I, nor, I was certain, anyone else, could solve, problems that would plague some of them their whole lives, though I sus-

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pected that very soon, all too soon, others would cease to be aware of them or troubled by the fact that there were no final answers, or even any clear ones.

I myself faced this concluding class in philosophy with very mingled feelings.

I had made it a point of pride during the course to present the various classic philosophies with almost aseptic detachment. It is not my business, as a teacher of philosophy, I feel, to inculcate students with my own point of view, to convert them to a doctrine, to give them a magic formula of wisdom. The best, I have always thought, that a philosopher can do is to awaken young minds to basic issues, to present with as much candor and clarity as possible the lineaments of those great visions of experience which the geniuses of thought have achieved, the clarification of ideas, the security of methods, they have worked out.

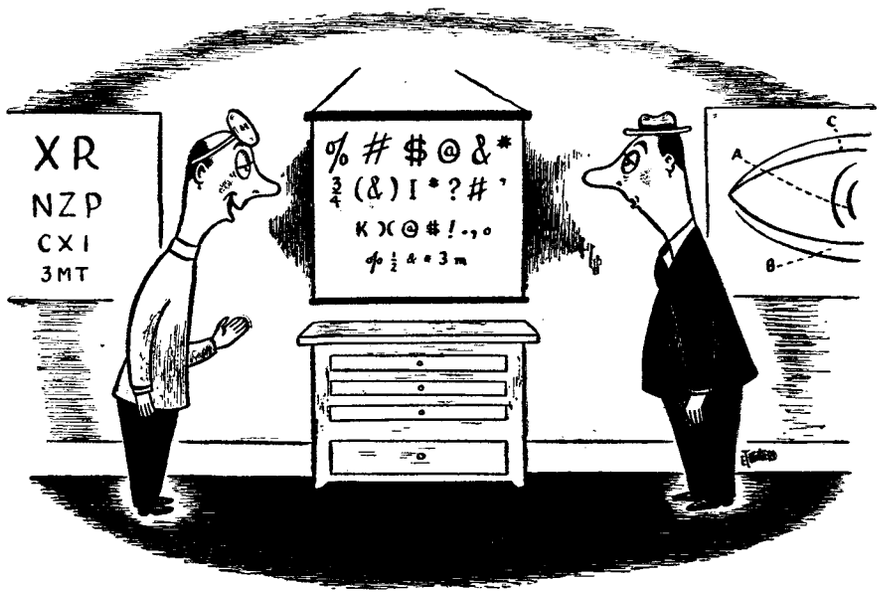
I SAY I aimed to present these with scrupulous objectivity. But at the end of the term I found myself reflecting on how easily one can deceive one's self in these matters. The young are very quick, and it is surprising the amount of face-saving they can see through; within one's self one is astounded at the stubborn sincerities that break through attempts at therapeutically intended pretense. I tell myself that I try in a class to be equally persuasive concerning all the great types of thinking, to present them all with sympathetic and imaginative understanding, to communicate the tone and temper of each philosopher. I try to make students see the world, for the time being, through the disillusioned eyes of Schopenhauer or the professionally optimistic mind of Hegel, to let them see existence with the resigned Epicurianism of Democritus or with the manly steadfastness of Marcus Aurelius. And I must say that each year I am, myself, successively convinced by each of these world-views. The mind lends itself to styles of thought as the ear lends itself to styles of music. Or, to change the metaphor, a world-view in philosophy is as persuasive as is the temper of a world created in a novel. One can surrender for the time being to the spell of Dostoevsky, so that for the time being all life is seen in the agony and division of soul that his novels evoke. One yields to the pessimism of Hardy, or the exuberant comedy and sentiment of Dickens. Thus, too, can one give one's self to the realm of quietly amused good sense of Jane Austen, or the robust comic humanity of Fielding. In the same way one abdicates in turn to the varied aspects of the world which one philosopher or another holds to be primary. And I have had a childish pleasure in having students sometimes complain during the semester that I seem to believe and embrace totally contradictory philosophies. So, I am tempted to reply to them, has the spirit of man cherished antinomies, and hugged contradictions to the point of pain.

But the shrewder ones are not deceived. They are likely to observe a certain warmth of tone when a teacher of philosophy deals with one or another philosophy, a certain accent of acerbity when he criticizes the assumptions, the methods, or the conclusions of another. I don't suppose these young men, at least some of them, could have failed to note the tone of mild condescension with which I treated some of the more romantic philosophies, those that look at the universe as if it were a field arrayed for their own special games, or a theatre concerned with their own private theatricals. They cannot have missed seeing with what implicit approval I quoted Santayana's comment on those philosophies which hold the moral order determines the physical order. "It is," he says, "as if one believed in a world where parents are ruled by their children, a world much relished by children." I am quite sure they must have noticed how my enthusiasm kindled a little when I read Lucretius's hymn to the creative powers of nature at the beginning of "On the Nature of Things," or his paean to detachment at the beginning of the second book. The brighter ones, I am sure, noted my impatience with certain fanciful proofs (classic proofs they are called) of the existence of God, or my equal impatience with philosophers, the nineteenth-century Germans, say, who tried to persuade us or themselves that they had spun the world out of their own inner consciousness. I had reason to think that by the end of the academic year they had, the better ones, some shrewd suspicion of where I stood in philosophy, and perhaps a more exact sense than they had had before of where they stood themselves. I think, or I like to think, that they recognize my own leanings toward what one may call a basic human orthodoxy, as contrasted with the orthodoxies of the churches and the official schools; a sense of the natural—call it if one will the material—world which partially sustains and partly defeats all our ideals, our arts, and our adorations. I hope, or I try to hope, that my students, despite my public attempts to be detached, suspect my own allergies toward philosophies which try to sentimentalize or dress up the world to make it a little nearer the unquiet heart's desire.

BUT here I am, for better or worse, in the last hour of the academic year, and I suddenly feel I no longer know what to ask these young men and have no way of telling them anything one could seriously call final. Teaching is a kind of art, and it would be a pleasure to have the course come to a real conclusion, as well as a temporal one; to have it really end, and not simply stop when the bell rings. It would be agreeable and satisfying, if one could manage it, to send the students away with a final revelation. But what is one to tell them at this, now the last, chance?

Some of them may never for as much as fifty minutes be exposed to

(*Continued on page* 36)



"Oh, that one's for stenographers."

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Sunshine on Morningside Heights

THE WEB OF GOVERNMENT. By R. M. MacIver. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. *ix* + 498 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

MR. MACIVER has, as usual, written a competent book: solid in content, straightforward in style, fecund of perspective.

Perspective is particularly important in a book about government; for government has not only being, which the static-minded see; it has not only a background once dynamic but now irrevocable, determining what it is; it has also a future, which gives foreground to hope and inspirits effort to make things better age by age.

The background perspective in this book is rich. Few if any American social scientists command more of the materials of sociology, social anthropology, and psychology than does our author. To see, as MacIver puts it, that "there is authority beyond the authority of government," (had we not better say "influence," to keep our categories clear?), is to be already on the highroad to wisdom; and to be able to spell out repletely, as he here does, the pluralistic "influences" which Government overtops with *authority* while drawing from them the juices of its own legitimacy, is to adorn the highroad of philosophic wisdom with knowledge enough to save us from the pitfalls of dictatorial intuition and at the same time to guard us against the thin clairvoyance of the mere artists of sociality. To find the roots of the political in the intimacy of the familial, in the toughness of the commercial, in the softness of the sacerdotal, this is in truth to behold the tenuous but rich and strong "web of government." It represents a stage forward in political sophistication to have books like Merriam's "Systematic Politics" and MacIver's "Web of Government," to have them available for both students and men of affairs. The present volume is an adequate guide, characterized by good judgment at every turn of the road, to the cultural composition of the various types of rule.

Its adequacy of historical perspective contributes an analytic grasp generous enough to save the statics of government from oversimplified explanation. While the author foreswears preoccupation with the mere structure of government, his analyses of the various forms which rulership takes, profits enormously from his background of understanding and his foreground of hope. Such oversimplifications as Marxist theory and soviet practice illustrate, receive here just correction, revealing such legitimacy as they rightly claim and such inadequacies as they certainly portray. Those who think that the only weakness of communism is in its paradoxes of practice, have a treat awaiting them which might turn into a liberal education for them. The author has "mastered the trick of arresting the immediate" for attention without arresting its ceaseless flow from form to form through the web of man's collective life.

Though never explicit as preachment, the foreground of hope is emphatic throughout the volume. MacIver is interested, as every modern scholar had better be, more in the promise than in the past of government. From the noble myth of equality in *Protagoras* as Foreword to his closing caution of cultural neutrality if political man is to remain free, there moves through the book a singularly wholesome moral solicitude. But a wise balance is kept between historical and scientific analysis and this ethics of progress. If this fine book leaves me less happy in its traffic with my hopes than it does in serving my scientific curiosity, it is no reflection upon the author's achievement but an acknowledgment that his role is more of an observer of government than of a participant in politics.

America has not produced its quota of men who can combine enthusiasm superinduced by participation in politics with the caution born of scientific concern. It is a difficult product which has yet chiefly to be sought through cooperation of two sorts of men rather than by a composition in one man of the two types of interest and approach. Francis Lieber, whose honored name Professor MacIver's chair at Columbia bears, came near to combining in one person scientific circumspection and the moral enthusiasm befitting high citizenship. MacIver leans to the scholarly side of his chair, with few oratorical gestures and little of the "come-on-in-the-water's-fine" tone of voice dispensed by a democratic leadership that is truly dynamic. Seeing, however, that this luminary on Morningside Heights has the qualities of his defects, we gladly, as we must necessarily, allow him the defects of his qualities. Gladly indeed we recount the blessings brought us by his sunshine: he is singularly well informed both of principle and of practice; he is cautious without being timid; he is circumspect without being inane.

I have profited from reading the book. My students will be wiser from studying it. Every man who learns its lessons will have more disdain for bad government, more respect for good government, and rational ground for renewed hope that politics can yield the peaceable fruits of justice to all peoples.

THE AUTHOR: The probing, sensitive intelligence of Robert Morrison MacIver has been devoted to the study of society and its problems for almost forty years; it has influenced two generations of students in Scotland, Canada, and the United States; it is reflected in a series of books and articles which began in 1907, when Mr. MacIver was appointed Lecturer in Political Science at Aberdeen University. He was born on the 17th day of April, 1882, at Stornoway, the center of the fishing industry on Scotland's west coast, and the place where Harris tweeds are made. He was educated at Edinburgh University and went to Oxford on a scholarship, taking firsts there in Classics and *Literae Humaniores.* While teaching at Aberdeen he wrote his first book, "Community," which received a Carnegie award. In 1915 he was appointed Professor of Political Science at the University of Toronto. In 1927 he came to New York as Professor of Sociology at Barnard College. In 1929 he moved to Columbia University as Lieber Professor of Political Philosophy and Sociology, which position he still holds. As a result of his chairmanship of Canada's War Labor Board during 1917-18 he wrote "Labor in the Changing World." Some of his other books are: "Elements of Social Science" (1921), "The Modern State" (1926), "Relation of Sociology to Social Work" (1931), "Society: Its Structure and Changes" (1931), "A Textbook of Sociology" (1937), "Leviathan and the People" (1939), "Social Causation" (1942). He has been married for thirty-five years to Ethel Marion Peterkin, and they have three children, two boys and a girl. They live at Palisades, New York, and in the summer Professor MacIver goes to Muskoka Lakes in Ontario, to turn his mind to the study of mycology, his hobby.

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Swatches of Travel

WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

EXCEPT for the Preface, all of Evelyn Waugh's "When the Going Was Good" is a reiteration, comprised of sizable swatches cut by the author from four books of travel and observation which he wrote between the years 1929 and 1935, and which he states in his Preface are all that he wishes to endure of "Bachelor Abroad," "They Were Still Dancing," "Ninety-two Days," and "Waugh in Abyssinia," the last, as Mr. Waugh understandably wishes to make clear, a title not of his own choosing.

I must confess that I began my scrutiny of this volume with something less than an hospitably open mind. In the first place I own to a prejudice against synthetic books, and this appeared to be, and is, one, and in the second place I thought that Evelyn Waugh was being a little Olympian in implying that certain segments of his vernal journals of travel, delightful though they may be, should be considered as an inevitable portion of posterity's heritage.

However, Mr. Waugh spoke to me in his Preface with such sweet reasonableness, such diffident honesty, and such what might be called Englishman's emotion (which is emotion forgotten in tranquillity) that I began reading the first, Mediterranean section, with my mind quite prepared to enjoy, if not justify it. When I had finished the 257th page I was aware that I had been continuously charmed and diverted, and that whatever was wrong with what Evelyn Waugh had left out of those books, there was nothing wrong with what he had left in. I have not read "They Were Still Dancing," which contained Waugh's observations on Abyssinia during the coronation of Haile Selassie in 1930, but this section as preserved is still brilliant reportage, at once urbane and glowing, of an awkward, exotic, noble, ridiculous, and pathetic spectacle of splendor.

It was only in the final section, after page 257, when he returned to Abyssinia five years later in the elaborate livery of a war correspondent in that most disreputable of all Roman wars, that shadows began for me to fall upon the pages, and I realized to what extent Waugh, for all his impeccable editing, was at the mercy of history. That is what is the matter with that section, and nothing can rescue it. It is not Waugh's fault that Addis Ababa was funny in 1935 and is not funny in 1947, and cannot ever, I hope, be funny again.

So I gave Evelyn Waugh my honest compliments on the rest of the book, for the pleasant, readable, nostalgic chapters on the Mediterranean ports, on Brazil and the Congo and Kenya and Zanzibar, and all the places with aromatic names, and the strange, un-English people of whom he wrote so delightfully, with such alert, agreeable interest and without patronizing, but with his own kind of amiable detachment which sometimes, and in this case, is the sort of lens which takes good pictures—and I went back to the Preface. I read again, to make my own ending to this book:

> My own traveling days are over, nor do I expect to see many travel books in the near future. When I was a reviewer, they used, I remember, to appear in batches of four and five a week, cram-full of charm and wit and enlarged Leica snapshots. There is no room for tourists in a world of "displaced persons."

—From the portrait by Henry Lamb in the collection of Lord Moyne.

"It is not Evelyn Waugh's fault that Addis Ababa was funny in 1935 and is not in 1947."

Never again, I suppose, shall we land on foreign soil with a letter of credit and passport (itself the first faint shadow of the great cloud that envelops us) and feel the world wide open before us.

The Man Who Vanquished Pain

VICTORY OVER PAIN. A History of Anesthesia. By Victor Robinson, M.D. New York: Henry Schuman. 1946. 334 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THIS year 1946 is the centenary of the introduction of anesthesia in surgery. Dr. Robinson's history is therefore what the French would call *actuel*. And a good, readable history it is both for the physician and for the wider, technically uninformed public.

Fully aware of his responsibility as a historian Dr. Robinson ranges over medical and surgical history from ancient times to our own. So we learn much about Homeric and oriental drugs. But the modern story begins with Humphrey Davy who first experimented with nitrous oxide, pointed out its possible advantages in surgical operations, and aroused interest in what is still called "laughing gas" by oldsters who remember when they first had teeth extracted painlessly.

Much of Dr. Robinson's discussion revolves around the bitter controversy that marked the introduction of ether and chloroform in surgery. So the bickerings of Horace Wells, Dr. William T. G. Morton, Charles T. Jackson, William Crawford Long, all Americans, are aired again. This part of the story does not make pleasant reading in the light of what is called "medical ethics." As a faithful reporter and commentator he presents the case of each claimant fairly, but declines to sit in judgment. He is right. The controversy still rages and it probably never will be settled.

Dr. Robinson is so thorough that he does not stop with what happened in the last century. So he gives us much on the evolution of local anesthesia, beginning with the experiments of Benjamin Ward Richardson with the ancient wine of mandragora, an extract of mandrake root, the discovery of cocaine's effect independently by the distinguished psychiatrist and neurologist Freud and the still generally unknown Carl Koller (the honors go to Koller), the host of anesthetics developed since, and the techniques employed in twilight sleep, caudal anesthesia, spinal anesthesia, rectal anesthesia, and endotracheal anesthesia.

For good, authoritative writing commend us to Dr. Robinson. He evidently knows his business, as might be expected of an M.D., but what is more he takes nothing for granted in the way of technical knowledge. His lay public will never have to look up hard Latin terms in a dictionary. What the physician or surgeon is trying to do, why and how he is doing it are always told so clearly and simply that no questions are raised.

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Masculinesque Womenfolk

MODERN WOMAN: THE LOST SEX. By Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia F. Farnham, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 467 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP WYLIE

THIS is the best book yet to be written about women—a large opinion, the arguments for which may be found only by reading the treatise itself; any manageable review can merely suggest a few of them. Never before have certain of the basic laws of psychology been applied so discerningly to women, and to our civilized predicament; nowhere, so far as I know, have these particular laws been described in a way more understandable to the average reader; and among all the books upon this subject with which I am familiar, none has analyzed as effectively the falseness of modern premises concerning women and the relation of men and women, or the terrible consequences to society which have multiplied like bacteria around the original errors.

In applying proven psychological laws to attitudes and group conduct the authors have advanced a scientific procedure which has often been recommended, and occasionally attempted, by students of psychology. They have appreciated the implications of "individual psychology" for the masses. They have, in large degree, removed that science from its narrow, medicalistic confines (though one of them is a doctor). In addition, they have shown that no political "science" can exist, no "science" of sociology, and no trustworthy "economic," which does not have as its foundation the laws of psychology. Without them, all these are wishful dreams and ignorant speculations.

They are well-equipped, as a writing team, for this office. Marynia Farnham is an eminent psychiatrist and the mother of two children besides. Ferdinand Lundberg is a reporter, a financial expert, and the author of "Imperial Hearst" and "America's Sixty Families." They open this book with a sketch of the profound unhappiness of woman in the Western world. The effect is compassionate. (Indeed, after finishing the book, I realized that I, at least, shall never again write about "mom" exactly as I have done.) And their first argument, an exposition of the vast misery and unrest of women, may be summarized as follows:

The industrial revolution, although it enslaved common man to a steadier monotony in his working hours, left him with most of his prestige intact and his functions unimpaired. He still had work to do; he still enjoyed the headship of his family; he merely transferred his important activities from the farm and the home to the factory. The factory, however, took over the function of creative work in the home. Weaving, to illustrate, ceased to be a domestic craft and became a machine operation.

Two further factors now greatly extended human preoccupation with industry. The first was its productivity of *convenience.* And mere *conveniences* have become accepted as evidence of progress, culture, and civilization—although society has made no reckoning of the psychological debits occasioned by these conveniences, especially insofar as they have lost function (wherefore prestige) to women. Society, in fact, has not measured whether these conveniences are themselves truly convenient—whether, that is, the gross increase of nervous work and nervous strain is worth such physical ease as each new gadget provides.

The second factor was compensatory. The industrial revolution followed upon a renaissance of intellect which, through science, had revealed to mankind certain undeniable facts that greatly damaged the illusions wherewith he had contrived and maintained his self-importance. Man found his earth was not the center of the universe, or the biggest object in it; he found that physical laws interfered with his notions of his miraculous nature; he presently learned that he was the descendant of animals. To resist these shocking truths and to restore his feelings of importance, man concentrated upon a prodigious, unthinking ramification of power as it was offered to him by the application of his new sciences to engineering. He got impressive results which had the tentative seeming of satisfaction.

In this process, the authors next point out, woman was disenfranchised. The machine deprived her of many of her vital home functions—and her social prestige vanished with the deprivation. Industry did not offer in the home sphere—for woman herself, or for children — the massive semblance of compensation which it offered to men. Her home was ruined. Physical "convenience" in no sense made up for woman's unconscious realization that she was losing psychic value with every additional material easement. Woman became envious of the male because, psychologically, he grew to seem a more secure, important kind of person than she. And she interpreted her envy according to laws demonstrated by Freud and other psychologists: she became a "feminist," which is to say, masculinesque.

—*Irene Strauss.*

While Marynia F. Farnham and Ferdinand Lundberg "examine men by exposing the blunders of women, they could have written an equally definitive work on the parallel errors of males."

The descriptions of the rise of feminism and the analysis of early feminists (as well as later ones and their male apologists) which are offered in this book ought to dispel certain feministic myths current in America. I say it ought. For most American women are born into the feminist myths and this book will be stoned with the shrillest syllables in cafe society, in the Hokinson set, and in such pseudo-trousered seminaries as Vassar, Wellesley, Holyoke, and Radcliffe. Moreover, since its authors are psychologists and write as though the reader were unemotionally conversant with the names of the parts of the body of both sexes, their functions,

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and the repressed images which millions of adults build around these organs, it is not impossible that a great many Americans—through group fiats and the censorship of local governments—may be deprived of every opportunity to possess the book. I expect it will be banned.

I have outlined merely the first argument of "Modern Woman: the Lost Sex"—a vivid, reasoned analysis of feminism. There are a dozen other themes as worthy of mention—wherefore there are a dozen more good reasons for reading the book. Owing to an odd set of circumstances, three advance copies have come into my possession so that I have already, by lending, tested it on samples of the able and intelligent female mind. The concentrated perusal and the stunned assent which ensued indicate—I suspect—that women are readier for the true news about themselves than most men. For feminism, I also suspect, has augmented man's pomp and vanity by keeping him unconsciously in touch with the fact that his womenfolk are passionately jealous of him! Only a man of considerable knowledge and insight is able to detect the insubstantiality of his own superior posture in nazi, communist, and democratic cultures. All others are merely inflamed or nervous.

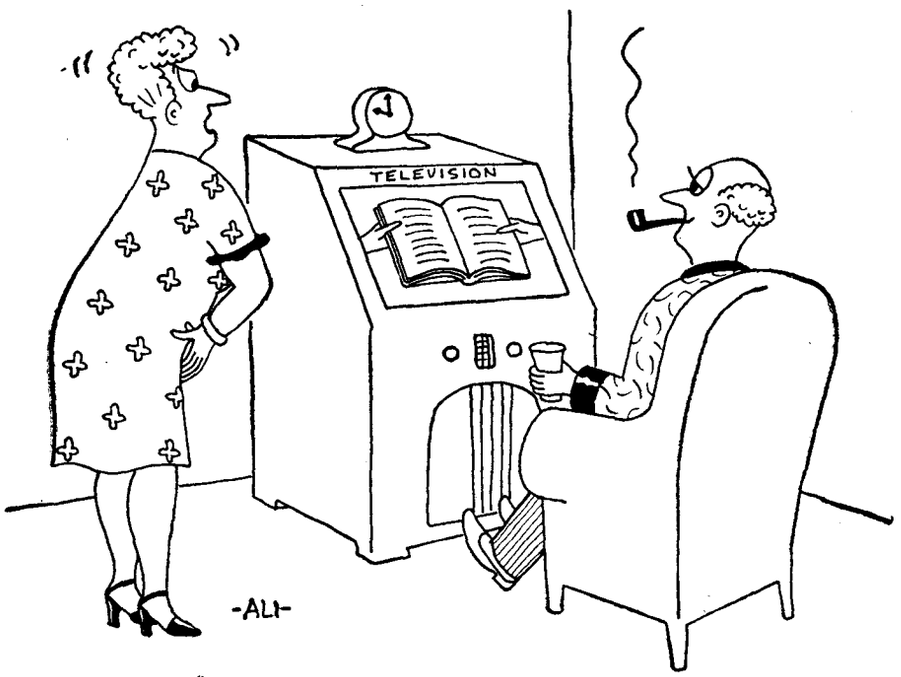
This book has faults. It might have contemplated the social implications of Freud's "death wish" with great effect. It might valuably have considered Jung's broad theory of instinct. It could have interpreted the suicidal mania of every culture by applying the law which shows how and why social organisms must destroy themselves at least to the degree that they obfuscate or frustrate creative functions amongst individuals. And, while the authors examine men by exposing the blunders of women, they could have written (in my opinion) an equally definitive work on the parallel errors of males. (Perhaps there will be a "Modern Man: the Other Lost Sex.") For, in attributing contemporary chaos and the chaos to come, fundamentally to women, they have, I believe, oversimplified causes.

The important aspect of this volume, however, lies in its use of psychological science for the elucidation of problems which are everywhere today regarded as social, material, economic, domestic, religious, educational, industrial, and so on. Physical scientists are presently insisting that a "science of human behavior" must be brought up to equality with their own sometimes horrendous achievements. They miss the point. Modern psychology is a science. Its postulates *can be demonstrated* in the clinic; and it has an excellent foundation in *predictabilities*. At the present disposal of modern man (as the authors of this book indicate in a chapter on the steps which society ought now to take) is a body of knowledge and law large enough and accurate enough to re-orient and re-secure society. But, like all new knowledge, it is not popular or well regarded or clearly understood even among savants. Indeed, they are hostile to psychological truth—whether or not they realize it—because, by explaining their own motives, it undoes many of their own mentally elegant illusions of prestige.

In a recent issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, for example, Phillippe Le Corbeiller, a mathematician and electronician, presents an argument originally advanced by Comte and, later, by Herbert Spencer, to the effect that man has developed his sciences in the order of intrinsic obscurity—and not, as is often thought, in the order of their amenability to exploitation. Dr. Le Corbeiller claims that mathematics is the simplest science, wherefore easiest, wherefore it came first. Physics followed because it is next least taxing on the mind. Chemistry came next—then biology, which was very hard, — and now psychology, which strains the intellect still further, is just emerging.

As a psychologist of an impertinent, lay variety, I would like to suggest that Dr. Le Corbeiller, Comte, and Spencer are silly. The branches of science have emerged, I submit, in the order in which they have done least damage to man's prestigious illusions concerning himself. Mathematics came first because it hardly hurt human vanity. Physics next because, although it diminished human illusions of terrestrial grandeur, it left "miraculous man" unimpaired. Biology was put off because it involved an examination of man as an animal —when he insisted on remaining a god. Psychology is being avoided today because, with its acceptance, a thousand prideful institutions will vanish, myriad sacred tenets even of scientists will dissolve, and man will have to face an instinctual nature which he has habitually hidden in governments, laws, religions, nations, customs, and the fine frenzy of "pure" intellectual pursuits. Psychological science is far more painful to swallow than the revelations of astronomy or physics or evolution. But that Freud's theory of the subconscious, say, is more difficult for the mind to grasp than Einstein's concept of relativity is not a plausible idea but a fluffy one. For psychology could have evolved *before* physics and chemistry, from honest observation of human behavior; in the ancient Orient, it partly did evolve. The impediment to its spread has always been the infantile delusions of men about themselves, and even of electronic engineers—a fact which the new science most formidably demonstrates.

To see, then, how analytical psychology works in reference not just to the neurotic wife next door but to our whole, doom-hungry world—and especially in reference to the wretched women of the West—one needs but to read this single, excellent book. The optimists, as usual, will find it hopeful—the pessimists, discouraging. But he or she who doubts its premises badly needs more educating.



"Are you going to sit with your nose in that book all evening?"

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A Personal Encyclopaedia

THIS IS THE STORY. By David L. Cohn. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 563 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RONALD SCHILLER

AMONG modern American writers David L. Cohn is something of an anachronism. In spirit he harks back to the era of Ben Franklin and Tom Jefferson when writers could be interested and expert in a variety of subjects. Nowadays, let a man write a successful book on peripatetics or Patagonia and he is branded for life. Should he step outside the narrow bounds of his specialty he is apt to annoy his friends, perplex his followers, frighten his publisher, and alienate his wife's affections. One only has to recall the cry of dismay that arose when Ely Culbertson dared to write a book on foreign affairs. "Why, he's a bridge player!", people gasped in amazement, and the foundations of our culture seemed to rock a little.

Mr. Cohn, defying the tabu, refuses to compartmentalize himself. No friend of librarians, he is not content to sit quietly in a single drawer of the card file. He has written books on subjects as diverse as tariffs ("Picking America's Pockets"), Negroes ("God Shakes Creation"), marriage and morals ("Love in America"), automobiles ("Combustion on Wheels"), Sears Roebuck ("The Good Old Days"), and New Orleans. But he must have found this business of writing one book about one subject a very slow way of expressing the vast diversity of his interests.

In his latest book, "This Is the Story," he has finally achieved his ideal vehicle. Ostensibly, it is an account of his experiences on an inspection trip made for the Army Service Forces in 1944-45 through western Europe, the Mediterranean, Asia Minor, India, Burma, and China. Actually it is more of an encyclopaedia. It has no index and not much organization, but it is Mr. Cohn's personal encyclopaedia nevertheless.

His delightful excursions into miscellaneous fact, fancy, and reminiscence are usually triggered off by his arrival at one of his numerous ports of call, although connection between the two is sometimes non-existent. For instance, his arrival in Labrador occasions some fascinating stories of his Mississippi boyhood. London brings on an essay on American culture. In Paris he describes the artificial eye industry and explores the reason for the decline of the Bantu race in Africa. Arriving in Corsica he dwells on the funeral of a celebrated Arkansas preacher named Kid Scott. In Florence he pens a savage indictment of American womanhood ("They regard their husbands not as mates, or men, or even mice, but mats . . ."). In Bologna, apropos of nothing, he recites a Chinese poem. Cairo produces an explanation of the decline of piloting on the Mississippi. In New Delhi he remembers his family grocer back home—and so it goes.

These asides, although they occupy a considerable part of the book, are not made at the expense of the author's primary job of describing the world and the war as he saw it. He is an excellent and inquisitive reporter, with penetrating insight and broad powers of analysis. No generalization will cover his viewpoint and he points out no big moral. He describes each country as he saw it with a special aptitude for unearthing the bizarre.

In France he met a Negro guard of German prisoners who prodded his charges with the warning, "Ah tole y'all to *arbeiten.*" He also encountered an apparently well-educated American chaplain who floored him with the query, "Now just what contributions have the French ever made to civilization?" In the ruins of Aachen he discovered a German book about America which contained among other equally surprising facts the information that "It is part of progressive education [in America] that boys two and one-half years old begin their education by smoking two cigars daily."

He learned that a progressive Shah of Iran, unable to induce women to discard their veils by law, succeeded when he started a whispering campaign that only prostitutes favored them. In India he read an ad in the telephone directory, of all places, about a wonderful youth-restorative that returned "Hollywood actors and actresses of eighty and ninety to the vigorous youth of thirty," allowing them to continue starring in movies.

—*Drawings by Steinberg, from the book.*

"In India [Cohn] read an ad about a restorative that returned Hollywood actors of ninety to the vigorous youth of thirty."

—SRL *drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield.*

David L. Cohn, "defying tabu, refuses to compartmentalize himself."

Some men are God-intoxicated, others are obsessed by fear or insecurity. Mr. Cohn's psychosis is a positive fixation on the State of Mississippi. Few pages and certainly no chapter passes without at least one reference to it. He apparently has a psychic radar set that leads him unerringly, whether in Bari, Brussels, or Baghdad, to fellow Mississippians. If the place is too small to afford a genuine Mississippian, he can usually unearth a neighboring Arkansan or Louisianian. He breaks into accounts of what is happening in Iraq with a long diversion on the Mississippi town of his youth. There seem to be few situations that occur anywhere on the globe that Mr. Cohn cannot match in his home state. He knew it was time to go home when, at a state banquet in Jodhpur, he found himself humming, "Way down south in the land of cotton. . . ."

It is unfortunate that "This Is the Story" will be listed as another book by another war correspondent. Actually it defies classification. It is more Cohn than correspondent, more encyclopedia than exposition—and it is wonderful reading.

In Iran, he learned it took a Shah's whispering campaign to persuade women that "only prostitutes favored wearing veils."

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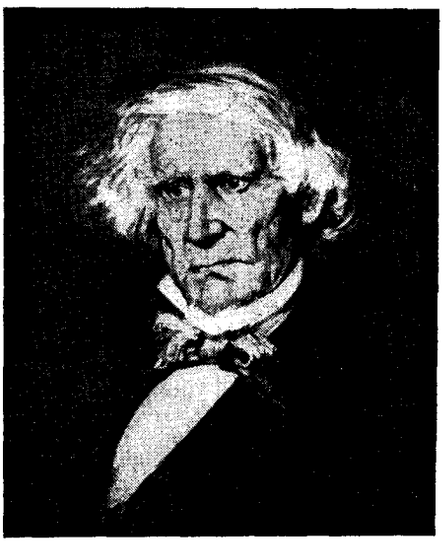
A Mid-Century Warwick

THURLOW WEED: WIZARD OF THE LOBBY. By Glyndon G. Van Deusen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 403 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

A COMPLETE American education in himself," wrote Henry Adams cynically of Thurlow Weed. But there was admiration as well as cynicism in the remark. Henry's father Charles Francis Adams, making use of Weed's services in England during the Civil War, paid tribute to his "rare tact, shrewd judgment, and quick insight into men." This self-educated printer's apprentice of Onondaga Hollow became the ablest political manipulator of his time. In his prime, contemporaries attributed to him powers so mysterious as to justify the word wizard. He could plan and carry out combinations as novel as they were far-reaching; he was a master of stratagem and intrigue; he weighed at a glance men's strength and weakness. Never seeking office for himself, as owner and editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, as an indefatigable wire-puller first in the Whig and then Republican ranks, and as the Napoleon of one close battle after another, he gained a semi-dictatorial position. Two views could be taken of his motives and character. To his enemies he appeared an unprincipled trickster, a selfish and grasping boss. To his friends he was a disinterested servant of leaders like Seward, and of party causes like the free-soil crusade and the struggle to preserve the union.

No doubt the truth lay between the two estimates. Carl Schurz probably came near it when, after close study of Weed, he decided that the leader felt a genuine interest in the higher aims of politics, but relished a sharp political contest more than a statesmanlike use of victory, and was far from scrupulous in his methods. While he never asked for important office, he grew rich in politics and journalism, leaving an estate (as Mr. Van Deusen reveals) of almost $950,000. Nevertheless, Weed was distinctly superior in public as in private character to Tom Platt, Matt Quay, and the other great bosses of the next generation. A man of fascinating personality, with charming manners in the social circle (though he could be coldly impassive in political crises), brilliant conversational powers, and no little culture, he conquered the confidence of a long line of personages from W. H. Harrison to Lincoln. And his abilities were never put in question. He did much to make Harrison President—and to estrange him from Clay; still more to put Zachary Taylor in the White House; and much to lift the Republican Party to power in the indispensable State of New York, thus making Lincoln's victory in 1860 possible.



—J. W. Alexander drawing, from the book.

Thurlow Weed, "to his enemies an unprincipled trickster—to his friends a disinterested servant."

Mr. Van Deusen's able and entertaining biography, based upon a mass of previously untouched papers, adds many a new fact to the story told in Weed's own desultory autobiography and in his daughter's life. It is a refreshingly realistic book. Weed is credited with genuine liberalism and even progressivism. He fought imprisonment for debt, a bad militia system, abuse of immigrants and renters, restrictions on the suffrage, and above all, the expansion of slavery. He scornfully rejected bribes—of the direct sort. Again and again, from the Wilmot Proviso battle to his special wartime mission to England, he displayed true patriotism. But Mr. Van Deusen shows in frank detail that he was always a fortune-builder, that he became king of the lobby at Albany, that he associated with spoilsmen and corruptionists, and that he pressed some shady schemes in combination with worse-than-shady men. He was willing, "in keeping with the spirit of the times," to make money out of the *Trent* affair, and grumbled that if he had known Secretary Seward's decision in advance, he could have made £3,000 on the London exchange.

And Mr. Van Deusen properly makes much of the most ironic episode in Weed's checkered life. His great consuming ambition from 1850 onward was to lift his friend Seward

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

REPEATED WORDS AND PHRASES

The repeated words and phrases that make up this week's quiz were taken from familiar poems. Can you identify the poem or name the poet? Allowing 4 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1. Alone, alone, all, all alone!
2. Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells!
3. Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom! Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!
4. Boots—boots—boots—boots!
5. Break, break, break!
6. Come hither, come hither!
7. Come hither, come hither, come hither.
8. Dash away, dash away, dash away!
9. Dying, dying, dying.
10. Get up, get up!
11. Go bare, go bare.
12. Half a league, half a league, half a league!
13. Happy, happy, happy!
14. Heart! heart! heart!
15. He knows—He knows!
16. In lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time.
17. Look away! look away! look away!
18. Never, never, never, never, never!
19. More happy love! more happy, happy love!
20. On yonder lea, on yonder lea.
21. Sail on! sail on! sail on!
22. Stitch—stitch—stitch!
23. The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
24. Tramp, tramp, tramp.
25. Up with me! up with me!

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to the Presidency. As the Republican convention of 1860 drew near he felt confident — manipulating, scheming, flattering, cajoling—of victory. But he defeated himself: the corruption of the New York legislature early in 1860 shocked the country. Weed was altogether too close to some of its most venal figures, and with Greeley belligerent, Bryant and Raymond disgusted, and other leaders chilled, the boss's position as chief lieutenant became a fatal liability to Seward.

National politics from 1840 to 1870 cannot be understood without a comprehension of the Seward-Weed machine. Those who look in Weed's biography for a reflection of the great moral currents of the time will be disappointed. He had little interest in them; his contribution was made in hard work at party organization, not —like Seward's, or Chase's, or Lincoln's—in the exposition of shining principles. But organization was indispensable. To one keen observer, John Bigelow of the *Evening Post,* Weed's role in the creation of the Republican Party was of decisive importance. He was, wrote Bigelow, "the only Whig in the State with enough wisdom to see the practicality of fusing the free-soil elements of the State's old parties into a new organization, and influential and able enough to bring his own partisans into that combination." If we accept this view, Weed becomes one of the true molders of American history, for the rapid rise of Republicanism changed the national destiny. In lesser ways, too, Weed made his influence count. He had a hand in the making of Lincoln's cabinet. His staunch party regularity in 1864, when Greeley and Bryant regarded Lincoln askance, helped make the President's re-election easy. Even in his later years of declining power and prestige, he retained his keen eye for effective party service. In 1868 he helped place Grant at the head of the Republicans, who then faced a dangerous battle.

No biography of Weed can be called inspiring, but Mr. Van Deusen's carefully wrought study is enlightening as to political realities. It is full of amusing anecdote, pithy characterizations, and sidelights on the earthier aspect of government. It also reveals a remarkable personage—perhaps the most remarkable in the long line of political kingmakers stretching from George Clinton to Jim Farley. Weed was an opportunist, a plotter, a man who sometimes committed what Lord Bryce thought the cardinal sin of placing party interest above national interest. But he was keen-witted, so masterful, so genially engaging that despite his touch of rascality, we join Henry Adams in reluctant admiration.

Unripe Philosopher

A KIERKEGAARD ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Robert Bretall. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1946. 482 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

KIERKEGAARD is rapidly and somewhat unaccountably assuming the proportions of a cult. Hailed as one of the great minds of the nineteenth century by such diverse persons as Miguel Unamuno, Reinbold Niebuhr, W. H. Auden, and *Time* Magazine (which would rank him with Carlyle, Dostoievsky, and Nietzsche), his name assaults our consciousness these days with more and more frequency. Almost every year another translation of his works appears from the pen of Walter Lowrie of Princeton, himself carrying on the tradition of the late Professor David F. Swenson of the University of Minnesota. In addition, Professor Lowrie produced in 1938 a large and comprehensive work on Kierkegaard and, in 1942, a short life. Now a new disciple enters the lists, Robert Bretall, who presents in this volume a selection of Kierkegaard for the uninitiated to peruse. Yielding to none in his praise of the Danish writer, Mr. Bretall not only attributes "artistic greatness" to him but remarks that one of his works, the "Concluding Unscientific Postscript," marks a definite turning point in the history of philosophy. Here, it seems, we have a phenomenon. Perhaps it is time to reckon with it.

First, however, let it be admitted that Mr. Bretall has done an excellent job with his anthology. His selections are judicious, and they are carefully arranged to show the progression of Kierkegaard's interests. He introduces each of them with a really distinguished little group of prefatory passages of a descriptive and expository (and, of course, worshipful) character. Their lucidity is of a sort which makes Kierkegaard's own sentences fairly muddy in comparison.

And now for Kierkegaard himself. His books fall roughly into three groups, the so-called esthetic, the philosophical, and the hortatory. The first includes his "philosophical novels," the second his philosophical writings proper, and the third his sermons which wearily repeat the rather well-known fact that there is no Christianity in Christendom. In addition there are excerpts from his journals and part of a book in which he discusses his own work as an author. In these latter he sets the pace for his disciples in conceding his own "immense intelligence," in referring to one of his productions as "tremendously witty," and in general in indulging in such self-praise that he comes to doubt whether he has a right to let the public know how good he is. In one sphere indeed we can accord him first rank—the sphere of egocentrism.

This egocentrism, however, is not inconsistent with his philosophy. Traditional philosophy, in its "world-historical absent-mindedness," has neglected, according to Kierkegaard, the prime reality in the universe—the unique, existing, human individual. Logic and science can deal only with the possible, not with the actual. For the actual, like the true and the real, is subjective. One does not become a hero or a lover objectively, neither then should one become a philosopher that way. This is the gist of his doctrine; it is a vindication of individuality and of subjectivity. The trouble with it, of course, is that it leads everywhere and nowhere, to the existential nihilism of Sartre as easily as to the Christian absolutism of Kierkegaard. Dethrone reason and objectivity and anything goes; knowledge and philosophy alike become impossible. This is the reward one earns after reading thousands of sentences, many of which sound like the stuff philosophers scribble when they are young and throw away when they grow up One can only express a polite scepticism that the author of all this undisciplined, this almost formless, this essentially unripe philosophizing has the stature of a thinker which his disciples are so eager to attribute to him.

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Hillbillies, Moonshine, and Incest

THE BUTTERFLY. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 165 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

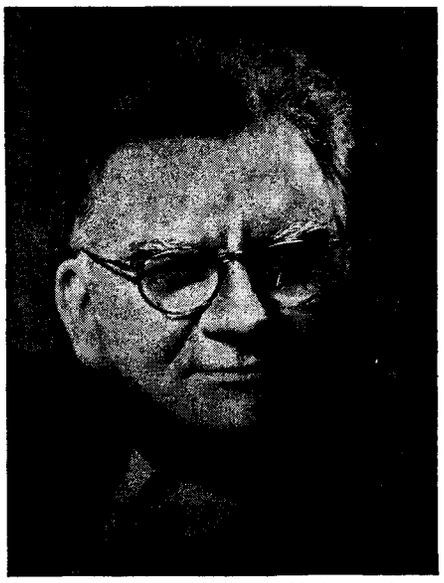
THIS time Mr. Cain leaves the California locale and tells a gritty story laid in the coal hills of West Virginia. His people are slouching mountain farmers and their coarse-grained women. But it is the familiar Cain story—of a tantalizing woman, a reluctantly compelled man, and a smoldering rival. Only the relationships are changed. This time the girl is the man's daughter, or—well, if it is your book read it and see.

It is good writing—hard, lean, nicely weighted. The pitch is just right and the pace is the Cain pace, sustained and pressing, like a hound on scent. The little book is all one, the writing, the people, the gaunt, pockmarked country, the abandoned mine shaft which keys in with the disintegration of Moke Blue and Jess Tyler and the women. There is suspense, and it is used like a weapon, with control and timing. You won't forget this story, though you may get it mixed up with the other Cain stories—since one man slavering over a girl in a tight dress is much the same as another, and the dragging of a dead body is about the same in a mine shaft as on a mountainside.

"The Butterfly" is good writing on less than good material, or on practically no material at all. It is a triumph of technique over substance, and you wonder why a man who can write this edged, tonal, actual dialogue should choose people who have so little to say, and why a man who can so completely identify narration with character should identify it with such limited persons.

The story is firm and pointed, like a bullet. It concerns a dour, slow-minded farmer, the daughter he hadn't seen since his wife had left him years before, and the slack-mouthed, banjo-playing man with whom his wife had cast her lot. It has moonshining in it, and the disclosure of a tell-tale birthmark shaped like a butterfly, and murder. But its central note is incest.

However repellent incest may be to most readers, Mr. Cain has a perfect right to deal with it, and to believe that "it's there." But it must be a more complex and subtle relationship than what we are presented with here. In this story, people feel and act just as they do in the other Cain stories. And so the relationship is of no importance, and the people have no identity. In fact Kady Tyler changes completely, and then changes back. She is a cheap tart and nothing more, until her baby is brought to her and her lover becomes a prospective husband; then she is as correct as Clarissa Harlowe. Suddenly she has goodness, dignity, womanhood. And, as suddenly, she is a tart again.



—*Melbourne Spurr.*

"You wonder why James Cain, who can write actual dialogue, should choose people with so little to say."

An interesting feature of this book is the half-truculent introduction, in which Mr. Cain disclaims a connection with any school, "hard-boiled or otherwise," and in which he states his own conception of his stories:

> I . . . write of the wish that comes true, for some reason a terrifying concept, at least to my imagination. Of course, the wish must really have terror in it; just wanting a drink wouldn't be quite enough. I think my stories have some qualities of the opening of a forbidden box, and that it is this, rather than violence, sex, or any of the things usually cited by way of explanation, that gives them the drive so often noted. Their appeal is first to the mind. . . .

This last statement doesn't jibe with one reader's experience. I first read Mr. Cain on shipboard nine years ago, along with some other books that I cannot now remember. I remember "The Postman" very well, but not because it made an appeal to my mind. And what I will remember from "The Butterfly" is the kind of thing you can't any more forget than you can forget the wreckage of a car in the roadside with the glass shattered and the steel top crushed like a kicked-in derby and the upturned wheels still spinning.

Meek and Mild

THE SOWING OF THE SEED. By Ezio Taddei. Translated by Samuel Putnam. The Dial Press. 1946. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

THIS novel deals with the sowing of the seed of communism, on Italian soil, between the end of the First World War and the beginning of the Ethiopian adventure. The underground work of the Communist Party and the counter-measures taken by the Fascist police are accurately described. One might expect to find an attempt to sow the seed in the mind of the reader; or thrills and tortures and hairbreadth escapes, or a passionate love story. But no: the Communists are mildly frustrated, and mildly arrested; and a fat general of Fascist Militia, after remotely considering marriage to a rather shadowy sister of one of the characters, bathes his mistress in the municipal milk vat under his control. A mild epidemic of typhoid is the result of this somewhat unsanitary procedure, which gets the general into mild trouble at the end of the book. By that time the reader has absorbed a lot of small-talk by plausible, if not very interesting, characters, and he should have a fair idea of what such people were thinking and saying in Rome during that period. But the average American reader is not in sympathy with either the communist or fascist ideology, and will be inclined to say "a plague on both your houses!"

It is idle to speculate upon an author's style when only a translation is available. But the translator deserves a bouquet for his readable prose, and also for his commendable restraint in the use of Italian words. When he does use them, they are the right ones, as might be expected for he had before him a manuscript by a native Italian. But even so, there is a curious and trivial mistake in spelling—the via del "Babbuino"—which recurs consistently. Perhaps the author has been away from Rome so long that he has forgotten that the Italian word for baboon boasts a double consonant, but that the Roman street, quite illogically, does not. Thus the marble plaques that mark the Venetian canals are carved with beautiful lettering, but curious local mannerisms of spelling; and when Whistler published his etchings of Venice, some of which included these odd inscriptions, he was

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attacked in the press by a pompous Englishman, who went so far as to suggest that it was apparent that he had never even bothered to go to Venice at all—the inscriptions weren't even in Italian! With infinite relish, Whistler dipped his butterfly sting in vitriol, and deflated his critic like a pricked balloon. It is all told in one of the wittiest passages in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

Would that the novel under review had a few such witty passages to relieve the miasma of futility that pervades it. Let us hope that the next time Mr. Taddei sows his literary seed, it may fall on more fertile ground.

Lawrence Grant White was an attaché at the American Embassy in Rome, and naval aide to President Woodrow Wilson during his visit there.

—*Vic Johnson.*

"Bernard DeVoto knows his characters intimately . . . draws them convincingly . . . depicts faithfully the mores of his locale."

Two Maimed Personalities

MOUNTAIN TIME. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 357 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by MARGARET B. HEXTER

ALTHOUGH Bernard DeVoto has several earlier works of fiction to his credit, it is as a literary historian, critic, and essayist, rather than as a novelist, that he is celebrated. "Mountain Time," with which he returns to story-telling, is a psychological novel, as is so much of contemporary serious fiction.

His protagonists, Josephine and Cy, are both highly intelligent, talented people, whose personalities have become maimed. The story is concerned with their efforts to achieve integration. If the book had a contemporary setting, one would wonder why Mr. DeVoto's characters did not seek professional help. In 1919, however, which is the date of the story, psychoanalysis was scarcely known in this country, and one therefore finds it perfectly credible that Jo and Cy fall back on their own capacity to work out a self and mutual cure. Eventually, they succeed in unfolding the psychic tissues and reaching their respective wounds, and having discovered and comprehended the causes of their neuroses, are restored to full functioning as well-adjusted human beings.

Cy, the son of the leading doctor of Custis, a small Western city, gave every promise, during his training period, of becoming an outstanding surgeon. While resident in charge of surgery at a New York hospital, he went off the track and threw up his career. With his medical knowledge, he recognized that both his impossible handling of his co-workers and his attitude toward himself and his work were manifestations of some deep-seated neurosis. Determined to get at the cause, he returns home and takes a job as a garage mechanic.

Home, too, with her child, after years in New York, came Jo, hoping in familiar childhood surroundings, to be able to put together again the pieces of her badly broken life. Gifted with a splendid voice, she had gone to the big city ambitious for a musical career, only to have her hopes shipwrecked on the reef of an unfortunate marriage.

Cy and Jo had known each other from childhood, and he had fallen in love with her while they were both in New York. It was only natural, then, that she should make him her confidant, and that he, in turn, should exert his full powers of healing in her behalf. Probing gently and skilfully past her superficial symptoms — insomnia, nervous tension, compulsion to dominate—Cy succeeds in bringing to her consciousness the focal center of her disturbed mental state, her unrealized antipathy to her child. Unconsciously, she was holding the little girl responsible for her frustrated marriage and thwarted career, to the point where a desire to kill the child was barely repressed. Once conscious of this desire, she was able to throttle it, thereby releasing herself from the unconscious guilt-feeling that was poisoning her life. That at this point she should reciprocate Cy's feeling for her was a foregone conclusion.

Meanwhile, Cy had been continuing to delve into his own psyche. Extraordinarily self-aware and aided by his scientific training, he was eventually able to trace his neurosis back to his attitude toward his father. He, too, is able to surmount his psychic handicaps once he understands their genesis.

In view of Mr. DeVoto's intellectual attainments and deep knowledge of American life, one naturally expects that a novel from his pen would, even though it bore no message, at least make some social commentary. This expectation is not met. "Mountain Time" has many of the values of first-rate fiction. Mr. DeVoto has conceived an interesting plot; he knows his central characters intimately and draws them convincingly; he depicts faithfully the mores of his locale; and he not only gives the feeling of the desert and mesas and mountains around Custis, but makes Nature a co-worker of Cy's in his healing of Jo. In other respects he has been less successful. The style, excessively close-packed, oblique, elliptical, without being particularly appropriate, is frequently distracting. Detracting still more seriously from the book's effectiveness is its construction. With a surprising lack of skill in building up to and away from his climaxes, "Mountain Time" is so insufficiently modulated that it seems flat and accentless. Considering the high-powered brain that generated it, this is a novel of surprisingly low voltage.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 189

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 189 will be found in the next issue.

YSM FCY VDM VP ZSM MCHQJ

RUHKY, CDK U FCY VDM VP

ZSM FVHBY.

—Z. F. LVDDVH.—

YSM FCY VDM VP ZSM

MCHQJ RUHKY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 188
Man is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions.
—"Lacon."
CHARLES COLTON.

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GROUP LIBEL

The following letter has been sent by the editors to their Senators and Congressmen from New York, and to their representatives in the New York State Legislature.

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to solicit your opinion on a suggestion we respectfully offer in connection with an awkward but serious problem concerning freedom of speech.

What is happening is not unlike what happened in Germany and many other nations after World War I, when freedom of speech was used against minority groups and eventually against freedom of speech itself, when civil liberties built up painfully over generations were exploited by the few in order to deny civil liberties to the many. Adolf Hitler invoked all the rights in the democratic inventory to thrust National Socialism into power. As William Shirer says, what began as a joke in Germany became so powerful that it almost wrecked the world.

What are we to do about those who use our freedoms as battering rams against freedom? What are we to do about the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Frederick Kisters, the Homer Loomises, the KuKluxers, the Columbians, and all the other hate specialists whose words and music seem so closely patterned after the original Alfred Rosenberg compositions as to seem like authentic transcriptions?

One proposal that has been advanced from time to time is that tolerance be extended only to the tolerant, that freedom of speech not be turned over to those who have no basic respect for the democratic institutions of which it is a part.

Our government has refrained—wisely, we think—from adopting this proposal. Liberty, as Thomas Jefferson said, is no featherbed. We must suffer even those who have neither sympathy for nor understanding of the system which protects them even as they attack it. Once we set up a special sieve to screen out those who have abused our freedoms, we also set up precedents which may become more dangerous than the original abuses themselves. What might begin as a sort of litmus paper test against the totalitarian could easily develop into a convenient method of disposing of political or economic dissidents. "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom," Thomas Paine once wrote, "must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it."

But that does not mean we must be impotent. That does not mean that the American people have no recourse against the lies and the deceit and the dangerous purposes of those who are using hate as the Nazi Party used it.

There is an approach to the problem. It is by no means a solution—there are no sure-fire solutions in times such as these—but it may at least be one way of getting at certain aspects of the problem. It may give us the chance to establish and invoke the machinery of justice in facing this question boldly and honestly.

We suggest group libel.

By group libel we mean laws which would enable groups to protect themselves against untruthful and harmful actions. These laws would give members or representatives of a group the right to institute proper legal action against its defamers. It would give the group a chance not only to attempt to disprove statements which aim to injure the position of that group in relation to the community-at-large, but it would make the guilty parties subject to appropriate action and damages.

Isn't it ironic that John Doe, as an individual unjustly slandered or libeled by speech or writing, has the opportunity to defend himself, while John Doe, as a member of a group under libelous attack, may suffer even greater individual harm without legal recourse? If, for example, John Doe were accused by a letter or a pamphlet or an article of practising ritual murder; if he were accused of plotting against his neighbors; if he were castigated as a eugenic misfit because of the shape of his head or the color of his skin or the texture of his hair—if any of these statements were made against John Doe by name, he would be far from defenseless. He could have immediate access to the courts in direct action against his attacker. This is simple justice.

But does John Doe suffer any the less when the group of which he is a part is untruthfully attacked, when the calculated effect of the charges against the group is to injure all those within it?

Group libel may not represent direct surgery, but it can have some antiseptic value. It may cause the totalitarian to think not twice but twenty times before leaping to irresponsible attack. Such stock canards as pertain to the Protocols of Zion, or the mental and constitutional inferiority of races or religious groups, can be effectively nailed and precedents slowly built up which may serve as a sort of legal sprinkler system against totalitarian arson.

There are, of course, disadvantages that would have to be faced. Certain well-backed attackers of minority groups might welcome the fanfare and publicity that would accompany legal proceedings, and would doubtless use the court as a broadcasting booth for their ideas. We do not see that this is a conclusive argument against either the concept or the operation of group libel. We cannot duck the issue or cope with law-breakers by giving them immunity, however much they may exploit the processes of justice. Besides, it is more than likely that a verdict for libel damages would have a tremendously sobering effect on the guilty party in particular and on future offenders in general.

True, there are tremendous difficulties. Would group libel take the form of civil or criminal action? Could the Federal Government properly interest itself in enacting the required legislation, or would it be confined to state jurisdiction? Would action be brought by an individual or would some larger representation be necessary? Or would this become a matter of public policy in which the Government itself might bring action?

Just how these questions would affect legislation for group libel can only be determined after competent study. The important thing is to get an exploration of these questions started.

It is one of the sacred privileges of this country that any person can make a fool of himself in public—a privilege that has never suffered for want of adherents. But the condition that goes along with that right is that there be no immunity if someone is hurt. By all means, let us guarantee free speech to the anti-free-speechers. But let us at least establish, along with the right to attack, the right to defend.

We should be grateful for your comments.

Sincerely,
Norman Cousins,
for the Editors.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Campaign Against White Book

SIR: In your issue of December 28, 1946, William L. White makes certain charges against the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship in connection with their treatment of his book on the Soviet Union. The central complaint of his letter is that the Council engineered a conspiratorial attack on the book for political motives. Unfortunately for his thesis, his errors of fact are many.

His information that Raymond Arthur Davies wrote the first draft of the correspondents' statement on the book is incorrect. This draft was prepared by another correspondent and modified by still others, of whom Mr. Davies was not one. These initiators made the suggestion that the Council should invite additional signers. As the Council's then executive director I addressed such a letter to a number of correspondents.

Mr. White states that my letter stressed the need for speed in order that what he calls "the petition denouncing the book" should be ready for release on the date of the book's publication. This is not true. There was no suggestion of such a purpose in the letter.

Mr. White further asserts that the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship "had previously written to my [White's] publishers demanding that they suppress the book entirely." This is also completely untrue.

The Council believed the White book (the contents of which had been clearly revealed in *The Reader's Digest* lengthy summary) to be a malicious attack on our war ally, calculated to arouse harmful distrust among the uninformed. The fact that a group of correspondents of national reputation took the unusual action of publicly proclaiming the White "Report" as lacking in authenticity indicated our beliefs were shared.

Mr. White's book because of its sensational qualities was something of a nine-day wonder. No doubt it did considerable damage at the time to a rational and constructive approach to American-Soviet relations. It will be remembered in the future as one of the more irresponsible examples of *furor anti-Sovieticus*.

EDWIN S. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

"Ally Betrayed"

SIR: In a pro-and-con review of "Ally Betrayed" [*SRL* Dec. 28]. Mr. Leigh White stated that I, as a "diligent propagandist," furthermore "amply assisted by British and American Communists and fellow travelers, led Churchill and the Foreign Office and, more reluctantly, Roosevelt and the State Department, to accept three fallacious propositions" in favor of Tito and to the detriment of the late Mihailovich.

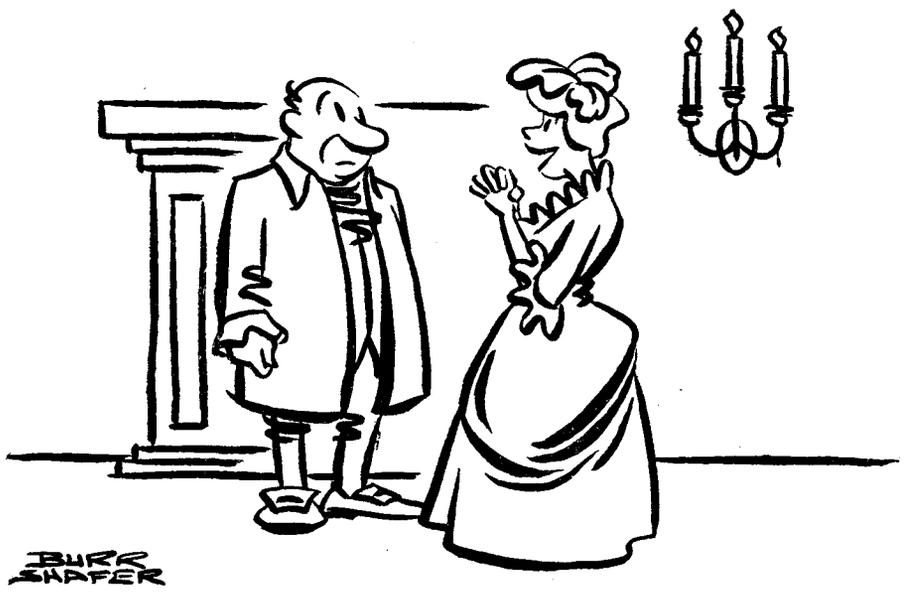
(1) Mr. White and I were American war correspondents, both checked and approved by the War Department, the State Department, and the FBI.

(2) Mr. White, to my knowledge, is the first American correspondent to vilify in public a colleague for reporting—a unique and unseemly precedent in the American journalistic profession.

(3) Although I appreciate the compliment of having dictated foreign policies to Churchill, the Foreign Office, Roosevelt, and the State Department, I must decline Mr. White's offer of so much fame for my international influence and power.

STOYAN PRIBICHEVICH.

Ridgefield, Conn.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

". . . and this Benedict Arnold—he's simply the most *wonderful* dancer!"

"Breakers Ahead!"

Sir: Just a line to thank you for your editorial "Breakers Ahead!" [*SRL* Dec. 14]. This is good stuff.

At the same time shouldn't we recognize, in fairness, that no normal adult could conceivably be hurt by any book he or she read? If we won't be governed by good taste in general, won't the law sooner or later most assuredly catch up with all of us, publishers, writers, editors, and booksellers, in matters of this kind? What is needed—were it in any way possible to achieve—is some method by which an author and publisher could be convicted yet a book be left free.

ALFRED A. KNOPF.

New York, N. Y.

$10,000 Pudderers Insurance

SIR: I have insured my copy of your magazine containing "The Pudderers" [Dec. 7] for $10,000 and have made it a condition of my will that it must be read at least once yearly by my heirs and assigns and, later, by their heirs and assigns.

I respectfully suggest that it also be made compulsory reading for some of your reviewers who, all too often, seem to think that their job is to prove that they are more erudite than the author of the book they are supposed to be reviewing rather than to devote themselves to the comparatively simple task of telling the reader what the hell the book itself is all about.

EARLE DOUCETTE.

Augusta, Me.

Salutary Lesson

SIR: This is a sincere letter of thanks for Mr. Cerf's satire in Trade Winds, (*SRL* Nov. 9). For several years I have warned my English 12 classes against wasting time on much of so-called "contemporary literature," but your article accomplished more than I could have in years. I read the entire satire to the class, and then a vigorous discussion ensued, and finally the conviction that there is something more to literature than a thousand pages of carnal innuendo.

We all enjoy Trade Winds, and derive from it pleasure as well as instruction.

RICHARD O. BLANCHARD.

Clare, Mich.

Washingtoniana

SIR: Among some old family papers I recently came across an issue of the *Ulster County Gazette* published at Kingston (I presume New York) by Samuel Freer and Son under date of January 1800. Among other items it contains the resolutions of the Congress on the death of George Washington and the replies of President Adams.

I wonder if a paper of this type would be of any value or interest to some library or institution. If so, I would be happy to send it on.

(REV.) EDWARD M. WOEBER.

St. Philomena's Church
2820 East Fourteenth Ave.
Denver, Colo.

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A Brook Farm, French Style

KINGDOM OF THE ROCKS. By Consuelo de St. Exupéry. New York: Random House. 1946. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

THAT mystic pursuit down Piccadilly made memorably ridiculous by Gilbert in his day seems heightened to absurdity in this year of grace. There's hardly room in the world we inhabit for withered lilies, for the pose, or for the velvet-coated esthete. The position of "the man of culture rare" seems highly untenable.

Antoine de Saint Exupéry represents, for all time, the true artist. His lofty spirit soared in phrase after phrase of pure beauty. That same spirit forced him into the fight for France, for the world's freedom. He gave his life for a good many unworthy souls. Perhaps that is always the hero's death. In his case the world lost a poet as well.

Consuelo, the young widow of St. Exupéry, writes of her refugee wanderings in France in the year 1943. Fleeing from the enemy in Paris to Marseilles, she meets a band of fellow artists. A sculptor herself, her sympathies naturally turn to the tenets of Bernard, *prix de Rome* architect.

> Consuelo [he states] here is what I have come to understand; here is the whole thing, and it is very simple: when the world has crumbled, when there is nothing left but ruins, the only people who count are the workers—the artists, if you like—I mean those who know how to construct something, who can give men a sign, a form, a play of thought and imagination, a pattern and inspiration for the spirit that still leaves the spirit free.

I gladly accept this creed. I quarrel only with the proper moment and method of achievement. In the midst of man's struggle I bow before St. Exupéry's pattern. There's a time for the inspiration of action which must, I firmly believe, precede reconstruction.

"Kingdom of the Rocks" recounts the achievements of Bernard's disciples. Young men and women of France—some in their middle twenties—retire to the rock-bound peak of Oppède, above Avignon. Here they work, cook, build, and fall in love. It's a Brook Farm bohemia, a rather Left Bank ivory tower, attracting weird souls. There is Helion, the clown, no longer funny because he knows his wife, Elaine, is a better performer. There is Douglas, an Arab, able to cook. Orlando, an Italian deceiver, Plato who seeks solace with the group.

Ugliness lurches in with Plato. He has brought a valise with him containing the body of his child, dead of starvation. Natural decay demands final disposal. There is midnight evil, too, when man's lust is aroused by the beautiful Consuelo. In the autumn of the year she agrees to a trip with Bernard, in a search for the sense of play.

In Marseilles Madame de St. Exupéry is prey to a contagious skin infection. She is hospitalized; her mother-in-law comes to her and plans, on recovery, her departure for America to join her husband. The happy band wave her farewell. "Don't kiss me," said the clown. "You are still contagious because you are going away."

Nijinsky's star was somewhat diminished by his wife's biography. There was a certain tastelessness in Sybil Bolitho's printed grief. But there was in each case a reason for writing. "Kingdom of the Rocks" is dedicated to Antoine de Saint Exupéry, and yet he is completely exiled from its pages. One wonders why the contact was even used. The actual style, except for the telling simplicity of the flight on the train, is fancy, fey, and consciously colored. The time was definitely out of joint for this.

Canalemas

By Roberta M. Grahame

THE wind is in the wild pear tree,
And ice-cold on the bells,
But here a hundred candles shine,
Untouched and still,
Out of the winter night,
And the black windows quicken
And tremble with light.

Within the shaking of the wind
I have known a clear still morning,
Buds on the sumach, shimmering gray,
The exultation, the warning
Of breaking ice on the river;
(One to another the new flames given,
The great flames and the small,
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,
The glory of Israel)
Snowdrops blooming by the sheltered wall
In footprints of Candlemas day;
Light upon petals, light on snow,
In the sun of the early year—
So all the light of earth is one,
And child of the light of heaven.
And I have dreamed of the white May glow
Of the flowering pear
When the last cold is done.

But now the winter candles come
To shine upon mankind;
Shine on me, the first-born light
In darkness of the mind.
I am led out of the caves of ice,
Given fire and bread and peace,
Given a candle, gold and still,
Like the bud of a daffodil,
Given pure love like a soul in bliss,
(Make me, O Lord, thy candle,
Myself, my soul and body,
A holy and living sacrifice.)

Most beautiful upon the winter
The unlooked-for light returns;
Safe from the snow and wind forever,
The living candle burns.

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Here is the gayest, most beautiful book of the Opera you have ever seen...

WHEN music critic Henry W. Simon set out to create this brilliant new book about opera, he determined to catch the colorful excitement, the thrilling beauty, known to every opera lover. It was to be a full-fledged portrait of seven great and popular operas, with actual music so arranged that it can be played on a piano and sung, for fun, by an unpracticed amateur; with the *pictures* that a fine opera book deserves; with *colorful translations* that translate the poetry and beauty of opera as well as simply the words. Finally, here must be the *real, human-interest story* of those seven operas and their composers, and all the people and influences involved in their creation.

The complete work is A TREASURY OF GRAND OPERA; a 403-page book that will prove a worthwhile addition to any library. It will be enjoyed by anyone who likes fine things.

The New York Times calls it an **"extremely likeable book."** In opera-loving **San Francisco, *The News*** says: **"In a field where most books are deadly dull, this is really a gem."**

It is published in tweed-weave paper covers for convenient piano playing for $5, and the new deluxe bound edition is $7.50.

A TREASURY OF GRAND OPERA

Edited by Henry W. Simon

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *Publishers* • 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

SAYING IT WITH MUSIC

ALTHOUGH elevator men have a lien on the weather, they do not own it. They merely share it with the rest of us—at times, too generously. The weather is the first topic and last resort of every desperate conversationalist. It is a popular subject if for no other reason than that no funds are raised in its name and that nothing has to be done about it. Comment is the sole action needed.

"Summer, autumn, winter, spring, baby"—it is hard to determine which season spawns the most clichés. My own guess would be the summertime (I almost wrote "the good old"). Not an English summer. That is far too mild to cook the minds of talkers.

No, an American summer. A sizzler; a scorcherino. One of those summers with its mopping and fanning, coatless, open-collar, seersucker days; those days that stew you in your own juices; those days when eggs can be fried on the sidewalks, and original thinkers salute each other with a damp, "Is it hot enough for you?" Then it is that people say, just as if it had never been said before, "The trouble with a bath is that by the time you are through you are as hot as when you started." Then it is, too, that in their despair men and women even console themselves by resurrecting, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity."

If you are a realist, clichés are as much a part of your trade as they are of each man's daily speech. Eloquence, original thinking, the niceties of literary phrasing, the paradox and the epigram—these are not your affair. You leave Pegasus unsaddled in his stall; turn Melpomene's portrait to the wall; and reach for the nearest dictaphone. The dictaphone is your trademark, your family crest, your union badge. What the shamrock is to Ireland, the maple leaf is to Canada, the goldenrod is to hay fever, or the lyre to poetry, the dictaphone is to the realist.

You find your inspiration in the uninspired. Part of the interest you create comes from recording dulness as it is. Your plot may be your own, but your dialogue must give the illusion of belonging to everyone. It must sound not so much written as written down, and written down as faithfully as if it had been recorded by a court stenographer.

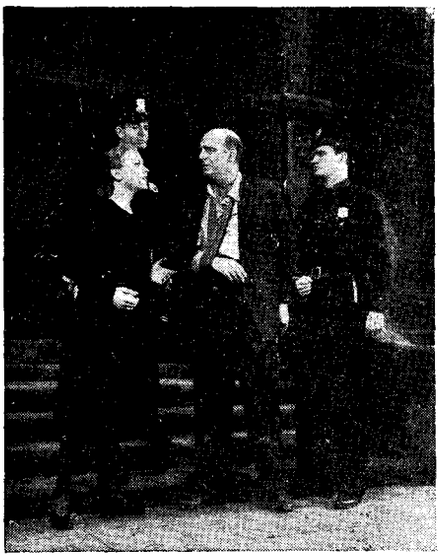
This is where clichés, not only about the weather but on all subjects, play their part. For clichés are staples in a currency which realists do not have to mint. As Elmer Rice realized when he wrote "Street Scene"* eighteen years ago, they are the small change of actual conversation, the worn pennies that jangle in all our minds.

New York in the full, suffocating heat of summer; New York on one of those blistering days in June when every window gasps and there seems to be no air, fresh or dead, to enter; New York as it can be found on the sidewalks of almost any street far enough east or west, before the stoop of one of those old brownstone walk-up apartment houses which dot the city, was of course Mr. Rice's setting. And, in terms of the "it's-not-the-heat-it's-the-humidity" gossip, the small talk, the frustration, the living and the dreaming, the desiring and the despairing of the varied dwellers in such an ugly building, he told the story of a *crime passionnel* which, for its sheer realism, is rightly remembered as a landmark in our theatre.

The late John Anderson was a highly sensitive critic no less than one of the most delightful of men. Coming straight to his typewriter from that now distant opening night of "Street Scene," he not only wrote about the play, as reviewers must, but re-created its quality, as critics should.

He likened its effect to spying on the neighbors with binoculars and earphones. To him it seemed casual, with the enormous unconcern of people who play in the streets and grow up and live their lives in them. "A great gaping house bestrides the stage," wrote he, describing both Mr. Rice's script and Jo Mielziner's unforgettable setting for it. "It is as gauntly impersonal as vital statistics, merely a place where there are people and births, and marriages and deaths forever in endless succession. Even the talk that flows in and out of its windows is as tattered as the grimy curtains hanging in the breathless night. It is the stencil of conversation everywhere, the ready-to-wear stuff in which these folks dress their love and hate, and pride and humor, for the jaunty chit-chat pillowed on a window ledge."

* *STREET SCENE, a dramatic musical from the play by Elmer Rice. Music by Kurt Weill. Book by Mr. Rice. Lyrics by Langston Hughes. Directed by Charles Friedman. Setting by Jo Mielziner. Presented by Dwight Deere Wiman and The Playwrights' Company. With Norman Cordon, Anne Jeffreys, Polyna Stoska, Brian Sullivan, Sydney Rayner, Hope Emerson, etc. At the Adelphi.*



—*Vandamm Studio.*

"The realism of 'Street Scene' and the conventions of opera are Montagues and Capulets . . . they destroy each other."

It is because Mr. Rice's play about life on the stoops in New York, with its story of how Mr. Maurrant, a surly stagehand, shoots both his wife and her lover, has reappeared on Broadway as a "dramatic musical," baby carriages, milk bottles, hot weather clichés, and all, that I now go back to it as it first was. The process of equipping dramas with music is no new one. Whether the results be on the level of "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Madame Butterfly," or of "Porgy and Bess," "Oklahoma!", and "Carousel," it is one of the more familiar and proven forms of reincarnation.

AS one who can hardly hum "Dixie" without doing such damage to its tune that it sounds as if General Sherman must have written it, or sing "Fair Harvard" without converting it into a Yale victory, I would not dare to write about "Street Scene" as Kurt Weill has fiddled with it, if Mr. Rice's play, as now equipped with music, were not openly competing on Broadway as a theatrical offering.

Once when Bertrand Russell was in Princeton, he was being subjected at someone's house to those private questions which will follow a public lecture as surely as a wake does a ship. "And what do you think of H. G. Wells?," Mr. Russell was asked. "A pleasant fellow," he replied in a voice as British as the lion or the unicorn. "Companionable fellow. I cahn't think of anything to say against him." "And what about Santayana?" continued Mr. Russell's inquisitor. "A brilliant man. A strange fellow, though. The

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Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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FULTON, W. 46th St. Eves. 8:40 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

kind of man who walks through the English countryside wearing patent leather shoes."

If I find it easy to say something against Mr. Rice's play as a musical, in spite of its companionable and brilliant qualities, it is because "Street Scene" seems at times as unsuited to its new form as Mr. Santayana's patent leather shoes were to the English countryside. It sways with considerable uncertainty as it now attempts to tread the sidewalks of New York in operatic boots.

MR. RICE'S drama retains its old power whenever its characters talk as people do, and as Mr. Rice meant to have them speak. In its new version Mr. Mielziner's brownstone apartment house is as triumphantly a slice of Manhattan real estate as it ever was. Charles Friedman's direction of its tenants, as they go about the routines of their daily living, is alive with those small values which the theatre usually ignores and candid cameras catch.

The present company acts no less well than it sings. Polyna Stoska as the ill-fated Mrs. Maurrant, Anne Jeffreys as her daughter, Hope Emerson as the sharp-tongued Mrs. Jones (to choose at random)—all of these manage, between numbers, to give performances as valid as Mary Servoss, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Beulah Bondi gave in the play's tuneless days. And whenever Mr. Weill's score relaxes charmingly into Broadway's easier idioms, "Street Scene" casts its former spell. Its force is undiminished; its mold unbroken. Something welcome is even added to it. It is something that is native, not foreign to Al Smith's sidewalks; something which, because it sings their songs, does not rob the evening of its realism.

But Mr. Weill has not been content to write of New York merely in Broadway terms. As a serious musician, he has also sought to deal with it operatically. The first, though by no means the essential, trouble with his score stems from his own indecision. The real, the generic, difficulty, however, is quite different. It springs from the simple fact that the realism of "Street Scene" and the conventions of opera are Montagues and Capulets. Worse than contradicting themselves, they destroy each other.

Opera at its best is a bastard art; a royal bastard, to be sure, and a beguiling one; a kind of Fitzwagner, Fitzmozart, Fitzbizet. It finds the concert hall and the stage living openly and grandly in splendid sin. It is designed for those whose primary interest is music. Its premise is romantic, if only because it assumes that every sparrow to walk the earth

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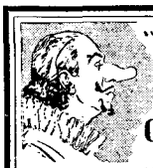
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as a natchel man is a warbler, if not a nightingale.

The point, the purpose, indeed the pleasure of opera is that it puts on the lips of people the songs which might be hidden in their hearts. It has something to say which cannot be said in words. Accordingly, it goes beyond speech, and, for the sake of hearing what is unphrasable in language, we

follow it. It represents men and women not as they are but as they might be if musical utterance were a common endowment.

The point, the purpose, the pleasure of realism, on the other hand, is that it shows people as they are, talking as they do speak. We prize it for the extent to which it achieves its aim and is lifelike; whereas we rejoice in opera because it transforms life into song and lifts it into music.

When Coleridge pointed out long ago that we believe in stage illusion only because we have voluntarily suspended our disbelief in what we are seeing, he was not considering the disbelief opera invites. The more realistic it becomes, the more it shatters its illusion by making disbelief inescapable. In the case of "Street Scene" it is easy to believe in its enchanting lighter numbers but hard not to question its more ambitious reachings, and particularly its recitative.

I can't remember now whether Norman Cordon as Mr. Maurrant actually chants, "Oh God, why do we have to keep on living in this sewer?" But I do know that Mr. Weill's orchestra has a disturbing way of getting busy when many other such unlyric lines are being half-sung, half-spoken. I do know, too, that when Maurrant is arrested after the murder of his wife it becomes impossible not to smile as he turns to his daughter to intone, "What did I do it for?" and a great many words of the same kind. In short, though the evening has its distinguished features, it is bound to seem at war with itself. It labors brilliantly to produce the realism of Mr. Rice's text, and then huffs and puffs no less industriously to shatter it. It keeps saying a very positive "No" to its no less positive "Yes." It at once adds and subtracts, undoing ludicrously at one moment what it has just done with admirable effectiveness. In spite of its obvious merits, what this new "Street Scene" suffers from is not the heat of Mr. Rice's story but the frequent humidity of Mr. Weill's attempt to turn a realistic drama into an opera. JOHN MASON BROWN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 670)

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(An Ode for Music)

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

'Tis said .....
Thy humblest reed.....
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age.

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THE FINE ARTS

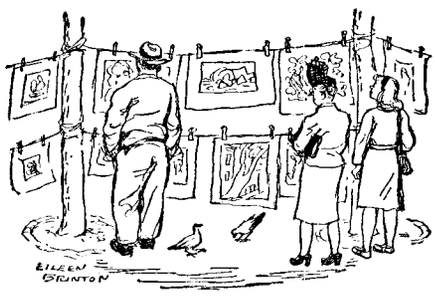
SLIGHTED FIELDS AND FAMILIAR GROUND

FOR several years now art books have been appearing in profusion, a few of them excellent, many poor, the majority simply indifferent. Whatever their quality, their number is an encouraging sign that art is still on the upswing in America, that it begins to crowd hard our traditional favorites, music and literature. The pity is that publishers here and abroad practise such duplication of subject, concentrating on certain artists and fields, neglecting others. If, for example, one book on Renoir appears, more are sure to follow. To give a specific case in point, Claude Roger-Marx's very good monograph on the late French master Edouard Vuillard arrived from France last year; in the same shipment came a rather poor one by Jacques Salomon.

The cases can be repeated endlessly. Perhaps that is why some of the recent art books seem especially valuable in that they deal with subjects on which little first-rate material is available. Otto Benesch's "The Art of the Renaissance in Northern Europe" (Harvard University Press) has a wealth of illuminating data on the intellectual and emotional currents which produced Dürer, Grünevald, Altdorfer, Cranach, Bruegel, the Fontainebleau Mannerists, and other important sixteenth-century painters in the North. Dr. Benesch's book tells us so much that it makes us realize how little has been published in English on this vital subject. Another neglected aspect of sixteenth-century art is treated in Giuliano Briganti's "Il Manierismo e Pellegrino Tibaldi" (Cosmopolita, Rome), now available in our larger bookshops. The book deals with Italian Mannerism as the separate style it is now widely admitted to be, though until recently and in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary many of our scholars dismissed the movement as merely a deathbed convulsion of the Renaissance. I read Italian with such difficulty that I have made little headway with the text, but many of the illustrations—those of works by Beccafumi and Tibaldi, among others—are an exciting revelation.

Other recent art books are noteworthy, not because they explore slighted fields, but because they re-evaluate familiar ground. A truly remarkable example is John Summerson's "Georgian London" (Scribners'), one of the major events in modern architectural criticism. Many Americans who have been to London cherish a dream of its eighteenth-century grace as having evolved from a society endowed with superlative taste. So, in a sense, it did. But Mr. Summerson's book makes clear that Georgian London was produced largely by hard-boiled speculators, sometimes with brilliant results, yet often with sad waste of architectural opportunity. He does not belabor his subject, he is not interested in the petulant esthetic game of locating moles on the Venus de Milo, but his scholarly reappraisal of eighteenth-century London provides an irrefutable argument in favor of city planning.

The late nineteenth century in France continues to be a favorite subject for publishers and hence for writers, and Hyperion Press has lately added "Van Gogh" and "The Etchings of the French Impressionists" to their series in this field. The former book has a lucid text by Edward Alden Jewell and inferior plates. The color plates in the latter volume, and some of the black-and-whites as well, can only be described as appalling. The reproduction of Cézanne's "The Bathers," for instance, is a travesty of that master's style, and in general very great graphic art struggles against grayness and bad register. It is a relief to turn from such slapdash bookmaking to John Rewald's "History of Impressionism" (Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Simon & Schuster). Mr. Rewald's book supplies an impressive answer to those who had assumed there was not much left to say about Impressionism: obviously none of us knew the half of it. The book has been criticized as excessively factual, but that, I think, is its virtue. Stylistic analyses of Impressionism have continually been based on errors of chronology which Mr. Rewald has now corrected. His book should henceforth be used by students as a check against R. H. Wilenski's "Modern French Painters," an entrenched textbook because of its brilliant virtues, but abounding in factual mistakes.



The American nineteenth-century field is slowly being re-examined. The New York State Museum at Albany has devoted its bulletin No. 339 to a study of the life and works of Edward Lamson Henry by Elizabeth McCausland. The text and captions have been carefully prepared, and are illustrated by numerous reproductions which are small but adequate; included are fascinating photographs relating to Henry and his period. Miss McCausland has also published this year a much-needed study of one of our finest landscapists, George Inness. And the Brooklyn Museum has issued a monograph on the American Impressionist Theodore Robinson, with an excellent text by John I. H. Baur —the whole a model of painstaking research, clarity, and reproduction.

As to the modern Americans, Doubleday & Co. has recently printed a large volume, "Painting in the U.S.A.," with a host of quite good plates, many in color, and a rambling but refreshingly non-dogmatic text by Alan D. Gruskin. The paintings illustrated are mostly middle-of-the-road "subject" pictures. I frankly find a great number of them tedious and already stale, but there is nothing wrong with this genre if the artists' talents are strong, as some of the plates testify. Moreover, it is to Mr. Gruskin's credit that he has tried to give a sense of modern American art's variety, instead of writing a platform for his favorites. A rather exceptional publication, it seems to me, is the monograph on Philip Evergood issued by the A.C.A. Gallery and distributed by Simon & Schuster. Evergood is one of our most original artists, occasionally one of our most inspired, and this book is a welcome and handsome document on his career; it contains Evergood's own clear statement of his beliefs and a good essay on his humanism by Oliver Larkin. The Dryden Press has printed a monograph on the now celebrated American primitive Grandma Moses, edited by Otto Kallir and including one of those blue-jean forewords by Louis Bromfield. I cannot respond to the excitement of those who find in Grandma Moses another Rousseau or John Kane, but she is certainly a fresh and amiable painter, and her modest quality comes through both in the reproductions and her writing.

In praising Grandma Moses's pictures, Mr. Bromfield notes that they are far from "the assembly line abstractions of the later Picasso." To

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understand the full banality of this statement, you need only look at Sidney and Harriet Janis's "Picasso: The Recent Years" (Doubleday & Co.), a book whose plates reveal the extraordinary creative power of an artist who, almost alone among modern painters, has gone on for fifty years with unrelenting vigor. The full half decade of his great career is treated in Alfred H. Barr Jr.'s "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art" (Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Simon & Schuster). This is by all odds the most distinguished monograph yet published here or abroad on a twentieth-century artist. The same publishers have also produced a fine book on Marc Chagall, with an eminently readable and informative text by James Johnson Sweeney.

There have been several omnibus publications, of which I have space to mention only two: "Masterpieces of Painting from the National Gallery," superbly edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker, distributed by Random House. This, surely, is one of the outstanding art books of recent years; its eighty-five color plates are good; its commentaries by famous writers of all periods have been chosen with rare inspiration and cogency. The "Art News Annual for 1946-47" maintains that publication's honest standards; this year its high spots are articles on the Gardner Collection in Boston, the new vision in abstract photography, and master drawings of today.

Well, art is long indeed, and every so often someone has to take it bravely in hand, cry "bottoms up!", and down it at one gulp. Aline B. Louchheim has done this in "5,000 Years of Art" (Howell, Soskin), and done it well; her text is lively, to the point, and serious. Included are good plates and almanacs of the various periods. The latter might have been more carefully proofread, since every word counts for so much, but the facts are there, and when they are not salient they are provocative. Personally, I was especially pleased to read the entry for 1931: "Rockefeller Center in New York begun. Alexander Calder's first mobiles." That's the way to boil these things down—the creative mechanic, alone with his pliers, as important as the massive engineering boast.

Five thousand years! We build so slowly. And then, in a few years of war, much of the magic accumulation is destroyed. Just how much we lost between 1939 and 1945 may be seen in "Lost Treasures of Europe: A Pictorial Record" (Pantheon Books). Read it and weep, but read it, please.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Dickens and Mr. Spring

DUNKERLEY'S. By Howard Spring. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FEW critics have found the author of "My Son, My Son," that highly successful novel of a few years ago, a completely satisfactory writer. That he is a born storyteller, that his prose flows along with the greatest of ease, that he has a decorative descriptive faculty is taken for granted, but at the same time he lacks that quality of magnificence and greatness that the Victorian and Edwardian period in which his novels dwell provided so abundantly. He writes, it has been said, beautifully about nothing that vitally matters.

Self-educated, coming from a poor Welsh family, he must have read and reread Dickens in his youth. He is fascinated with the Dickensian slums of great cities, that monstrous swamp of poverty, misery, and crime whose tentacles in Victorian novels reached into the stately homes of the upper classes and destroyed whatever they touched.

Mr. Spring's latest novel is a perfect example of that favorite Victorian theme. It is a continuation of an earlier novel, "Hard Facts," in which a Manchester printer, Daniel Dunkerley, rose to success and wealth by creating a popular penny journal with that title. Its editor, Alec Dillworth, and his sister, Elsie, have risen from the foul slums of Manchester. In "Dunkerley's," Mr. Spring's novel, Alec has become a part of Daniel's, now Sir Daniel's, publishing empire. They are safe, as in many of Dickens's novels, as long as they keep away from the foul streets and alleys of their childhood. At the end, when Elsie is happily married, and Alec is engagaed to one of *Dunkerley's* most successful women novelists, their disgraceful origin takes its revenge. Near the pest-hole in which they had once lived Elsie meets her corrupt and drunken father. His attempt to blackmail her fails since she has confessed to her husband, Sir Daniel's right-hand man, that her father had forced her into prostitution when she was a child. Alec becomes involved and sentimentally tries to aid the old broken-toothed monster. In the best Victorian manner both of them fall over a cliff and are killed.

That this melodramatic plot is somehow made reasonable to modern readers is due to the author's narrative gifts and to his entertaining description of the early development of a British publishing trust. The novel is at times drenched with the kind of sentimentality that is popular in any age.

There are interludes of extraordinary beauty as when Alec, tired of the commercial editing *Dunkerly's* demands, runs away for a week and discovers, through the ministrations of a good-hearted country woman, some of the earthy facts of life, including the pleasures of sex. A Freudian approach to most of the characters might have provided a writer who was willing to look beneath the surface with the materials for a modern psychological novel. Some reasonable interpretations of the emotional relationship between Alec and his sister would have explained, for example, why he had remained chaste for so long. Mr. Spring is willing to leave it a mystery and to blame it on the statement that Elsie's promising career as a violinist had been wrecked by an injury to her hand for which he was responsible. Dickens surrounded uncomfortable ideas with a fog of romantic secretiveness and so does Mr. Spring.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 2. Poe: "The Bells." 3. Lindsay: "The Congo." 4. Kipling: "Boots." 5. Tennyson: "Break, Break, Break." 6. Longfellow: "Wreck of the Hesperus." 7. Shakespeare: "Under the Greenwood Tree." 8. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas." 9. Tennyson: "The Splendour Falls." 10. Herrick: "Corinna's Going A-Maying." 11. William Stevenson (or John Still): "Back and Side Go Bare." 12. Tennyson: "The Charge of the Light Brigade." 13. Dryden: "Alexander's Feast." 14. Whitman: "O Captain! My Captain!" 15. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 16. Noyes: "The Barrel Organ." 17. Dan Emmet: "Dixie." 18. Shakespeare: "King Lear." 19. Keats: "Ode on a Grecian Urn." 20. Burns: "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast." 21. Miller: "Columbus." 22. Hood: "The Song of the Shirt." 23. Byron: "The Isles of Greece." 24. George Root: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" 25. Wordsworth: ens's novels, as long as they kept away "To a Skylark."

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The Envy of All

STONES FROM A GLASS HOUSE. By Phyllis McGinley. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 169 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

A BUNGALOW of glass,
A pile of shining pebbles:
O pass it if you dass,
Her trebuchet of trebles!

But by the Great Horn Spoon,
For every stone flung at you,
Another hits the moon,
Another breaks a statue,

Another knocks the props
Of life from out from under.
This lady is the tops
At toppling all asunder.

She takes her little text
From papers (this from that one);
And pleased or pained or vexed,
She writes a verse, a fat one,

A lean one or a mean one—
I mean by *mean* the slickest—

A fancy in-between one,
The spanest and the spickest,

Upholding all the skills
A Calverley could bless her with.
Old Housman's "air that kills"
Is what the gods caress her with.

A satirist in verse,
Charybdisites and Scyllas
Seem weaker and the worse
For meeting with our Phyllis;

For meeting up with all
Her trisyllabic rhyming,
Her feminine footfall,
Her cold split-second timing.

"Her first book in five years"—
She's never published thinly.
Young poets in arrears
All envy Miss McGinley.

And when the ink's in spate,
And freshening a sonnet
As on page 58,
She can't be beat, doggone it!

And what does this prove now?
Except that wit, when ready,
Can say "I thee endow,"
And we go with him steady.

Sophisticate McG.,
The girl that Utah sent us:
She stands for you and me
In loco—what?—*parentis.*

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We're letting the critics do our shouting for us

WE published this book without fanfare. It is, we believe, an extraordinary novel—in many ways a highly important one. It is also very difficult to describe—a common failing in really good books.

Its theme is one that runs through the great tradition of world literature from Homer's *Odyssey* to Joyce's *Ulysses*. In this strangely moving work, many readers have found something of the intricate quality of Kafka, something of the fresh warmth of the early Saroyan. You've probably never heard of the author (although we've no doubt that you will—more and more—in the next few years). One of the many surprising things about *Elmer Grossberg* is that he wrote FAREWELL, MY SON when he was 18 years old. He isn't much older than that now.

The enthusiasm that we muted when we published FAREWELL, MY SON is being vindicated now by the critics who are discovering a remarkable new American talent. Not all the reviews are in. Here are the first that have appeared.

● "Grossberg herewith joins that small group of writers with something to say. He reveals a remarkable understanding of man and of the social order to which he must adjust himself. He deserves our warm thanks for the character of Polk, a literary creation of first rank."—*Washington Post*

● "Quite an achievement. Mr. Grossberg has a talent that makes his next book worth watching for."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

● "Deeply arresting in concept and characterization . . . Leaves a deep impression of youth discovering the injustices of the world. Grossberg writes with an ardent, rebellious pen."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

FAREWELL, MY SON

A novel by ELMER GROSSBERG

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JULIAN MESSNER, INC.
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Exiles in Black and White

POWERFUL LONG LADDER. By Owen Dodson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc. 1946. 103 *pp.* $2.50.

SONS LIKE THESE. By Joseph Luitpold. Translated by Louise Salm. New York: The Joseph Luitpold Booklets. 1946. 64 *pp. Pamphlet.*

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE man who lives in comparative exile at home and the man who is forced into exile abroad have at least one feature in common: No one can prevent them from writing poetry. And whether the man is treated to a Jim Crow existence in America or is destroyed by or hounded out of his native Austria, the times are always ripe for the fruits of his nature. In these two volumes, an American Negro, Owen Dodson, and an Austrian Jew, Joseph Luitpold, totally different in background, style, and design, there is nonetheless a kinship in racial experience and cultural nobility. And both are enlightened men in a dark world.

A year ago, American poetry was enriched by the arrival of Gwendolyn Brooks and her thoroughly original poems, "A Street in Bronzeville." In "Powerful Long Ladder," our poetry is enriched once more by a compelling young man whose record in our social life is already impressive. Educated at Bates and Yale, he received a Rosenwald Fellowship, directed drama at various Negro institutions, headed a morale building program while in the Navy, won a Maxwell Anderson Verse Play Contest, and is now executive secretary for the Committee for Mass Education in Race Relations. From these factors it may be gathered that his principal medium of expression would be poetic drama. Even his lyrical poems have a dramatic tendency, notably a tragic sequence on estranged lovers, an old theme in poetry, but one now informed with fire, wisdom, and dignity.

The poems on Negro themes are composed of clear and supple images wedded to chanting cadences. Memorable lines reveal a whole race in a single strain. "Sorrow is the only faithful one." At times the tone is biblical, at others colloquial. In the title poem, a dramatic chant between a leader and a chorus of slaves, the vernacular is handled with realistic skill:

> Ma father say: Freedom a story they tell that never happen.
> When, O when, ma brothers, ma sisters, will the well be drained of masquerading death?
> When will the noosed rope strangle the nooser?
> It take a powerful long ladder to climb to the sky an catch the bird of freedom for the dark.

Three choruses from a verse drama, "Divine Comedy," are included, and they unfold "people in search of something to believe in when they are trapped in poverty, fear, and prejudice. They follow a false prophet for a time, but when he is killed, they turn to the strength in themselves for guidance and faith." Or, one might add, to prophets and leaders like Paul Robeson and Owen Dodson. There is only one poem in which this ardent

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HELL HATH NO FURY *Lois Eby and John C. Fleming* (Dutton: $2.50)	Girl private-'tec Pat O'Leary investigates suspicious suicide of rich, young Californian and dashes through two more deaths before case expires.	Chance-taking sleuthess and her impatient bridegroom cavort through fast-paced, frenzied, and not too credible sequence of situations.	Time-killer
ANGELS ARE PAINTED FAIR *Paul Whelton* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Crime-reporter Garry Dean refuses to stop investigating murder of local big-shot with family influence and unearths greater wickedness.	Veracious newshawk and police yarn with gobs of action, some pretty gals, crisp chatter and unexpected but well doped out finish.	Exhilarating toughie.
UNEASY TERMS *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Slim Callaghan, in at death of irascible Britisher with three wilful step-daughters, settles murder, estate, and hash of some desprit willains.	Dapper and indestructible private op. here does straight detecting job, with customary attention to lush females, however. Writing is often sloppy.	Stouter than most Slim yarns.

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poet asumes a satirical role. But that one suffices—a conversation on V:

They got pictures of V stamped on
letter stamps;
Miss Eagle wear one in her lapel
to her Red Cross suit;
Mr. Bigful, the bank president, got
one in his lapel too;
Some of the people I do laundry
with got big ones in they windows;
Hadley Brothers Department Store
uptown got picturs of V on they
store-bought dresses,
Even got a V ice-cream dish-girls
selling them so fast had to run
up a sign: NO MORE V SUN-
DAES;
And bless God, Lucy done gone up
North and come back with one
gleaming on her pocketbook.
Now let's get this straight; what do
these V's mean?
V stands for Victory.
Now just what is this here Victory?
It what we get when we fight for it.
Ought to be Freedom. God do
know that!

Joseph Luitpold's little book, "Sons Like These," contains a different approach to the modern scene. In a cycle of fables in free verse, famous men, dead or alive, tell us what their childhood was and how profoundly it affected their development. The poet doesn't draw on Freudian inspirations and complications. The tales are simple as grass, and as far-reaching. The opening number speaks of the banishment of the Jews under Ferdinand and Isabella, and of how "children beat on their drums, children blew on their trumpets." This is followed by self-portraits of other liberators: painters, philosophers, inventors, poets, explorers, scientists, composers, statesmen. The final number is called "The Compass."

Albert Einstein looked at me,
it was on his sixtieth birthday, and
he said:
I was five years old.
My parents were probably waiting
for my little footsteps. When I
walked in the door
they smiled at me festively.
My mother raised me as to the
stars and cried:
Your health! Long life! Become like
your father!

The sun of March was shining.

My father, not at his workbench,
in his good suit, I felt the honor,
my father took me to the table.
There lay the gleaming, swinging
instrument.
Become like the compass: delicate,
but guided by the universe, reliable!

Morning bells began to ring.

I bowed
to my mother, to my father, to the
compass.

Albert Einstein looked at me and
said:
Out of the presents to the boy
come the gifts of the man.

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—J. Donald Adams in THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review Jan. 12)

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NEW EDITIONS

THE stout little Viking Press "Portables" already form an impressive literary regiment, and to this company "The Portable Elizabethan Reader" ($2), edited by Hiram Haydn, is a notable addition. The wealth of the represented period is so well known, and has been so thoroughly worked, that it would have been an easy matter for Mr. Haydn to put together a volume of pure literature, in prose and verse, without ever venturing beyond the confines of the exceedingly familiar. But he decided to do something much more interesting: he decided to essay an anthological portrait of the Elizabethan mind, temper, and way of life. As a result he has drawn on many kinds of writing—religious, scientific, educational, philosophical, geographical, controversial, dramatic, lyric—and has mingled the comparatively unknown with the famous.

Here are not only Marlowe's "Faustus" and Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," but also Gabriel Harvey's private Machiavellian jottings ("Give me possession; and you take possibility. Matters in *esse* and persons in possession, bear all the sway.") Not only Foxe's immortal account of the deaths of Ridley and Latimer ("Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man"), but also Reginald Scott's skeptical remarks on witches. Not only Sidney's "Apology for Poetry," but also Sir William Lower's observations after using "a perspective Cylinder." ("Methinks my diligent Galileo hath done more in his three-fold discovery than Magellan in opening the straits to the South Sea or the Dutchmen that were eaten by bears in Nova Zembla.") Not only Spenser's "Epithalamion," and Montaigne's essay on repentence, and passages from Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" and "New Atlantis," but also excerpts from Greville's life of Sidney, Hakluyt's account of the death of Humphrey Gilbert, and Thomas Nashe's bloody tale of the vengeance of Cutwolf. ("In this horror left they him on the wheel as in hell: where yet living he might behold in the book of our destinies, one murder begetteth another: was never yet bloodshed barren from the beginning of the world to this day.")

These are but a few of Mr. Haydn's selections. All of them, together, offer infinite variety and a composite whole of great interest. The editor, in his long and worthy introduction, declares that the Elizabethan age was, like ours, one of those "periods in human history when events of global and even cosmic significance occur too rapidly for men's thoughts and creeds to catch up to them." There is plenty of evidence to support this argument, but I suggest for comparative reading Tillyard's "The Elizabethan World Picture."

"The Short Stories of Dostoevsky" (Dial Press, $4), edited with an introduction by William Phillips, contains among its seventeen tales some that will probably surprise readers who knew only the Dostoevsky of the great novels. But no single volume could better prove its author's tremendous literary range. "Another Man's Wife or the Husband Under the Bed" is pure farce; "An Honest Thief" is a work of unabashed sentiment; "The Crocodile" is a strange and wonderful mixture of farce, satire, and allegory; in "The Heavenly Christmas Tree" only the surest hand could have avoided mawkishness; and "An Unpleasant Predicament," in which absurdity and tragedy mingle inextricably, is a small masterpiece of characterization, atmosphere, and construction. Here is an author who, whatever devils drove him, could write just about what he chose.

Recent illustrated books include "Macbeth," illustrated by Salvador Dali (Doubleday & Co. $3.00); "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," with charcoal drawings by Jack Tinker (Crowell, $3.00); and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," illustrated by the Iranian artist Sarkis Katchadourian (Grosset & Dunlap, $2.95; signed, limited edition, $10). The first is as ill-conceived and ill-made a book as has come my way in years. Dali's imagination and Shakespeare's belong to antipathetic worlds; but the type is large and clear, and the reader who opens the book will probably find himself reading "Macbeth" straight through again, despite the distractions. Mr. Tinker's drawings are vigorous and appropriate, but so sprawling in their exuberance that they sometimes give Washington Irving's text an appearance of mere marginalia. The prettified paintings of Katchadourian are doubtless basically Persian, but have been reformulated, as the English tobacconists say, for the American taste. This "Omar" is an ideal gift book.

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Toujours l'Amour

LITTLE TROLL. By Karin Michaelis. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

KARIN MICHAELIS, the popular Danish author of about fifty books, some of which have been translated into French, German, Russian, and English, is known to American readers chiefly by "The Dangerous Age," a volume of fictional letters and fragments from a woman's diary that enjoyed a *succès de scandale* here around 1911. In "Little Troll"—a name given her by Björnson—she now tells the story of her own long and adventuresome life. She writes of her family and many friends, her youth, her two stormy marriages and stormier divorces, her writing and lecturing, her numerous love affairs, encounters with famous persons, and travels on the Continent and America.

She seems from the beginning to have had a romping imagination and no inhibitions. During her childhood the world of fancy was so real to her that when she ran out of transgressions to confess to her mother, she manufactured thrilling extras. As a young girl she continued to play the heroine in all sorts of fabricated roles, seeing herself on various occasions as a great musician, poet, or novelist, as a suicide, fallen woman, or morganatic wife of a prince. At fifteen she became secretly engaged, and now at seventy-four she freely admits: "I have never been without love for at least one person, but most often it has been for three at the same time —one a great love, one dwindling, and one growing." Her first marriage, to the poet Sophus ("Tao") Michaelis, like her second, to the American economist Charles Strangeland, ended in divorce, but her one-sided infatuation for her publisher, Peter Nansen, persisted throughout both marriages and outlasted them by many years.

In the course of her frequent travels Karin Michaelis met many European celebrities and tells us her impressions of such people as Ibsen, Rilke, Hauptmann, d'Annunzio (whom she charges with having stolen the villa of one of her friends), Thomas Masaryk, and Lenin's widow, Krupskaya. A few Americans briefly entered her life, among them Professor Charles Beard, who was best man at her second wedding, Agnes Smedley, Sinclair Lewis, and Dorothy Thompson (whom she paints in colors both bright and dark). On her sixtieth birthday three governments awarded her decorations and Masaryk wrote her: "Everyone knows what you as a writer have meant to the world."

This assumption of what everyone knows is implicit throughout the book and the author wears her mantle of greatness with no false modesty. But the volume itself, unaccented and arbitrarily padded, for all its self-revelation and emotional questing, its insistence upon the author's many successes, and its gossipy, unimportant anecdotes about the famous and near-famous, somehow fails to persuade us. It wades into many shallows, ignoring the depths. With this autobiography in hand one could draw a picture of Karin Michaelis markedly different in many respects from her own.

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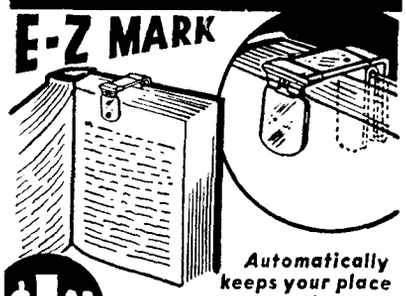

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PHILOSOPHY AND YOUNG MEN

(*Continued from page 10*)

philosophical conversation in their whole lives again. Some of them, who have been lethargic all semester, might—who knows?—be awakened by just the right words even this late. But what are those words, and who am I, or anyone, to say, toward the very close of the hour, "in the last analysis . . ."?

SO much for me. But what are their final words, or their final questions? Well, it might not be a bad idea, since I am really extremely confused as to what to say to them, to see what *they*, after all these months of discussion, have to say or to ask for themselves.

"Well," I begin, "this is the last hour, and of late I seem to have been doing most of the talking. There must be a good many questions you have to ask, that some of you have been saving up." The inevitable wag in every class demands to know what the examination questions are going to be. But perhaps he is not being funny; he is a man of affairs with concern for issues that have immediate consequences. I seem to remember he is headed for the school of business.

"No practical matters," I say firmly. "We are still in the realm of philosophy."

There is a hand raised in the back of the room. It is that of the intense and neurotic young man I had observed the very first day.

"Aren't you going to tell us what *your* philosophy is?" he says. "All semester you have been explaining to us those of other people."

"Well, I hadn't intended to," I say. "I haven't wanted to give you *a* philosophy. I have wished to help you to find one of your own. Perhaps at the close of the hour I may give a few hints as to what I believe. Philosophy is important to you, but not *my* philosophy."

"I'm sure you're not a Hegelian idealist, anyway," someone suggests. "Or a solipsist," says another, proud of knowing by now what the word means.

"Never mind for the moment what *I* am," I say impatiently. "Are there any other questions?"

The Irish Catholic boy has come a long way this term. He has managed to keep his faith out of it for the most part. I see his hand up. "Mr. Farrell," I say.

"Look here," he says, "this is all very confusing. We've had a dozen different philosophies all term. Is *one* of them the truth? Or none? Mustn't one pick one and stick to it? One *has* to have a philosophy by which to live."

"People don't live by philosophies," says the young man who asked what the questions on the examination were going to be. "Philosophies are just afterthoughts. Don't the psychoanalysts call them rationalizations?"

"Well, whether they live by them or not," says young Farrell, "one has to choose ultimately the philosophy by which one is going to *try* to live. And this whole year you, Professor, have tried to teach us each of them in succession, so that we almost believe in each in turn. I, for one, have almost come to do so. It makes one" —he paused a moment, and I could see him struggling to find the right word —"seasick."

There was another hand up: serious, sensible Milton Gottesman, who could usually be relied upon for a remark whose relative maturity belied his unlined, almost high-school boyish-looking face. "I've been worried a little in the same way as Mr. Farrell, but for the opposite reason. I am convinced that, just because each of these philosophies is persuasive in turn, one mustn't accept any of them absolutely, or at all, maybe. But doesn't that lead to ultimate skepticism and even nihilism? And frankly, Professor Edman, is that what we're supposed to get out of this course—an eventual skepticism, perhaps really nihilism and anarchy? Is that the good we're supposed to get out of philosophy? I thought you said at the very beginning of the year that philosophy was supposed to give you a way of life. Maybe I mean what Mr. Farrell means. One has to choose one

The Second of February

By Lloyd Frankenberg

THE groundhog meets his green reflection,
Hurries home to sleep it off.
The woods are left without a shadow
But the moving hands of willow
Still divining through a white
Heap of winter summer's heart.
Which is fact and which is fiction?
His quick exit blanched and soft
Or buds that every inch appear
Cushioning a nettling air,
Their pale scentlessness the snow's
Afterglow upon the boughs,
Questioning through beaded branches
Which is winter, which is spring?

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philosophy after all, doesn't one? But which way of life, which philosophy?"

I ought to have been somehow more embarrassed than I actually was. At least I had not indoctrinated these young men. Here were two of them, among the brightest and the most sensitive, agreeing that they had found all these doctrines interesting and none of them conclusive. We had been making some progress, then.

But I was disquieted, if not actually at the moment, during the summer vacation when I had time to meditate upon some of the other questions that were asked. There was Bonelli, the football player, who, in his slow direct way, asked something that had more force than I cared to admit. "If it is true," he said, "that the good is to be measured by the useful, as James, Dewey, John Stuart Mill, and you all seem to agree, well, what is the useful measured by? What determines what makes the useful useful?"

"Yes, useful for what?" echoed impatient little Arthur Simpson. "Useful for what?" he said, leaning forward eagerly, "when the whole blooming shooting match, the universe, I mean," he hastily amended himself, "may go up in smoke, or freeze?"

"Well, useful for human happiness," I suggested, feeling sure that Aristotle and many other sensible thinkers were on my side.

"But happiness," Arthur persisted, almost falling out of his seat in his intensity, "—what's *happiness* good for? How is happiness useful?"

A hand waved from the second row very eagerly indeed. The face behind it seemed alive with eagerness to communicate some secret information proudly possessed. "Didn't Kant say that Duty was far more important than happiness?" he asked. "And a philosophy doesn't promote happiness, anyway. It's just upsetting, that's what it is."

The questions kept coming in from all parts of the room, and implicit in the questions was a criticism of all philosophical thinking. It was as if, at the end of this long academic year, suddenly a rebellion had broken out. Some spoke as if they had been cheated of a proper prescription for serenity and peace. Some felt as if their usual equipment of prejudices and conventions with which they had been able to meet the world had been broken down, and as if nothing stable had been put in their place, as if they had been given no tools for rebuilding. Some had lost their official faith and had no religion without certificate to put in its place.

Thinking about it later that summer, I wondered whether I ought not really to envy those preachers of an absolute faith, or even those teachers of an absolute philosophy, who give their students a fortress rock on which they can take, if only defensively, their stand. I began to remember the words of my mother who, one day, reading of the suicide of a young man, read also from the same newspaper: "His death by his own hand is said to have been brought about by an over-study of philosophy." Looking at me accusingly she said, "I have always said that one should not teach these deep matters to mere boys."

But these morbid reflections came later. Here I was in the presence of the class, and it was now only fifteen minutes before the end of the hour. I knew the young men expected some kind of a conclusion—the questions had died down, and besides, the hour must somehow be filled in. I spoke as candidly as I could and from the

She had married her psychoanalyst

➡ Emotionally entangled, she fought for release. Her fears and dreams had a strange influence on her relations with her husband, her brother and her lover.

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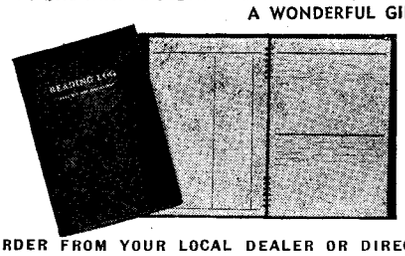

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heart. I told them that I was sorry that some of them had seemed to feel defrauded. They had come, apparently, for the final philosophic answers, and all I had been able to do for them was to raise the perennial philosophic questions.

"But I might as well tell you," I said, "that I think there is a philosophy toward which many of you, who have not the asset or the liability of a traditional faith, will come to find adequate, and by which, more or less, you will live."

Tom Farrell leaned forward, smiling a little and I was quite sure I heard him half-whisper, "Now we're talking!—perhaps."

I PROCEEDED to draw the outlines of a philosophy of life which would begin with the world that science reveals for our belief. I reminded them that we were living in a cosmos which was not made for us but in which, willy-nilly, we have to grow. I admitted that some of the old comforts and securities provided by the traditional faiths of the Western world were not possible if one adhered scrupulously to the discoverable patterns and regularities in nature. There is, for one thing, no promise of immortality or of ultimate order and justice. Life is a risk and all individual plans precarious, all human achievements transient, and all individual lives doomed. But I reminded my young hearers, too, of the delicacy, the scope, and the variety of pleasure and joy open to the senses and the sensibilities and the mind of men in their brief interval of life on earth. I recalled to them, too, the enkindling prospect of a world of order and mutual understanding open to men of good will enlightened by intelligence. I asked them not to listen too uncritically to those who hold that the human race is morally bankrupt and that intelligence, which has given us so many techniques for destruction, has not helped us to render life on earth secure or pleasant or happy for most of its inhabitants. I pointed out how young science was in comparison with the long tradition of superstition, mythology, and folly; how narrowly intelligence, in its critical scientific form, has been extended to the problems of society and of civilization.

"If individual lives are limited and individual achievements minute, one can still," I said warmly, "count on the cumulative results of the cooperation of many men in many generations in the great, if not endless, and very long adventure of mankind.

"Will philosophy help in all this?" I asked, looking at the watch I had, by a conditioned reflex, picked up from my desk just as it showed a minute or so before the end of the hour. "Well, it will enable us to take, I think a longer view than is common. It will prevent us from yielding to hysterias or pressures of our friends or our class or our stubborn personal wishes. It will help us, I should think, to look on the future with hope, and on the present, even, with a certain measure of serenity. For what is either absurd or tragic in the spectacle we could learn both to see in its own forms and to set in the context of the course of human and of cosmic events."

The bell rang and I paused. Tom Farrell looked not quite convinced, but I thought I detected an answering light in the eyes of some of my listeners. I paused, and suddenly the word of that wise humanist Erasmus came to me. I could see in my mind's eye the sentences clearly printed on the final page in the handsome little edition of "The Praise of Folly" that I keep as a sort of bedside book.

I quoted it, not for the first time at the end of a course in philosophy: "I see you expect an epilogue, but you are very much mistaken if you think I remember anything I have said, having so foolishly bolted out such a hodgepodge of words. It is an old saying of the Greeks: 'I hate a man that remembers what is said over the cups.' It's a new one of my own invention: 'I hate a man that remembers what he hears.' So drink hearty and live lustily, my most excellent disciples in folly."

This is the second of three "preview" articles from Irwin Edman's "Philosopher's Quest," to be published in March by Viking Press.

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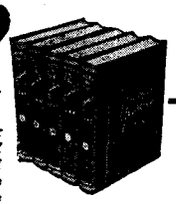

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	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
EARLY AMERICAN CAROLS. John Jacob Niles. Disc 732 (3 10") $3.15	"Dulcimer" is well recorded, but voice is uneven, too close; blasts and is a bit muffled.	B+	More folk carols, several now famous, as collected by Niles. A strange style, not folk style particularly—high voice, unmetrical strumming. But has its fine points. The two albums do not duplicate.
For comparison: EARLY AM. CAROLS AND FOLK SONGS. Niles. Victor M 718 (4 10") $3.50 (*out of print*)	A more natural voice recording, though recording range of tone is less. Dulcimer accpt. less brilliant than in Disc album.	A—	
DEBUSSY, POUR LE PIANO. Gaby Casadesus. VOX (2) $2.85	Like other recent Vox piano records, good, satisfactory job, not outstanding. Surface hiss interferes some.	B+	Companion to Mme. Gaby's French Piano Music album (*SRL* Dec. 30). First-rate, 100% French piano playing of a fine piece, not recorded before.
CHRONIQUE SONORE DE PARIS LIBERE. (August, 1944) Disc F 51 (4) $6.75	Made under fire, in style of (very) hasty newsreel, with dubbed musical background, etc. Understandably confused as a production! French very clear.	A—	For the vet who was there—the Liberation, in on-the-spot recording & commentary. Much excitement, rifle fire, shouting, utter confusion. Floods of supersonic, beautiful French.

TO THE RECORD DEALER

READERS of record criticism expect it to be written as a matter of course in their interest, and so it is, if it is any good. Yet the critic must recognize a further and perfectly legitimate audience in those whose business it is to make available the records and associated products his column discusses; and in particular, the record dealer.

The dealer is an avid record column fan. Of all readers he is the quickest to express his reaction to criticism, both pro and con. His interest is vital; he has taken enormous and calculated risks, such as no other reader is likely to do, in the very subject matter of this and other columns; his financial security is directly involved in the acceptance of what he has for sale, by reviewers and public.

Moreover, poor quality, when it does appear (and is duly criticized) is usually none of his doing. In these days when shoddy goods sell for too-high prices he has little choice; he must somehow get rid of the stuff foisted on him whether he approves of it or not. There is nothing whatsoever he can do to answer adverse criticism except to sit back and take a loss. That hurts. Nor for that matter is it always the manufacturer's fault—he takes what he can get in the way of parts and material; and the whole vicious merry-go-round is no more than a picture of today's economy.

But still, the facts remain, and there is all the more reason for honest criticism. Even when at times that honesty seems to favor the consumer, very much at the expense of the dealer. But may I suggest this as seriously as I can to the record and radio sellers who follow these words: In the long run the buyers' interest is clearly theirs, through thick and thin. True, adverse criticism may cut sales on specific items. But on the other hand if that criticism is trustworthy, it packs a potential sales force—for their good. If this column serves its readers well and gains their confidence, when the time comes for criticism *pro* (and that is most of the time) the dealers are the direct recipients of the financial blessings involved.

That, from the advertisers' viewpoint, should be the greatest strength of real, impartial criticism. In the end it is a powerful sales talk for all legitimate values, and as powerful as paid advertising, which, of course, can never by any conceivable chance be *con*. It pays, in the long run, to hear both sides of the case.

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the Phoenix Nest

LOCKED OUT

IT WASN'T that I planned it so,
But so it came about
On my pilgrimage to Concord
I was late, and locked out
Of all the famous houses
Which I had thought to see.
But in the streets of Concord
Doors opened for me,
And guest I was in spirit
At my journey's end
Under the Old Manse grapevine
Of a beloved friend,
Whose feet once pressed that very sod
And startled up the hare;
Whose soul this pilgrim's heart had fed
By meditation there;
Whose Concord, which was earth and sky,
Became my own
When the summer mist had drenched me
Flesh and bone.

KATHERINE BRYAN CHASE.

* * *

K. C. Norman of Westport, Conecticut, has this to say to *SRL* readers:

Speaking of "twin-title" books—"Paths of Glory" was the title of two World War I books—both by a Cobb: Humphrey and Irvin S. And then there was "The Destroying Angel" by Norman Klein and another mystery novel with the same title a year later published by Dutton. (Why don't you ask authors how they go about getting titles for their books?)

All right, authors. How do you?

* * *

Most poets wrote very badly of the war. Recently I was looking through a modern anthology and came across some lines by Allen Tate that seemed entirely unbelievable:

Sad day at Oahu
When the Jap beetle hit!
Our Proustian retort,
Was Kimmel and Short,
Old women in blue;
And then the beetle bit.

Glancing on through the book, I found a younger poet, Robert Lowell, writing a poem in honor of the Virgin in which he announced:

Over the seas and far away
They feast the fair and bloody day
When mankind's Mother
Jesus's Mother, like another
Nimrod danced on Satan's head:
The old Snake lopes to his shelled hole,
Man eats the Dead
From pole to pole.

That is about as bad verse as I have come across for some time. I don't know which is worse, Mr. Tate's biting beetle or Mr. Lowell's loping Snake! As for "Our Proustian retort / Was Kimmel and Short!", I suggest another couplet:

Our Achilles's elbow
Is Rankin *cum* Bilbo!

* * *

The New Year has brought the distressing news of the death of Robert Cortes Holliday, a delightful essayist and well-known New York editor of the past. He was literary executor of the late Joyce Kilmer. He once said that being born, as he was, in Indiana "is something you never get over," but in his life he expressed a wide range of interests. His "Walking Stick Papers" and "Broome Street Straws" make delightful reading if you are fond of the essay. I find in "Twentieth Century Authors" that Bob once remarked of himself:

> He hopes to be reunited in dust with the pioneer of the gold-headed cane (his paternal grandfather, the Rev. Fernando Cortez Holliday), upon whose family monument are cut these portentous words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life—Holliday."

I feel sure that in a special corner of the other world a holiday has been declared for their reunion.

* * *

HOME ECONOMICS

The wife was cutting out a dress,
And reading the directions,
She seemed to be in dire distress,
Her pattern lay in sections.

His income tax he read and read,
'Twas raising mental blisters,
So this is what the couple said,
(Italics are the Mister's).

"Surtax net income for the year
Should meet small perforation,
Join skirt *and enter difference here*
Below (see computation)."

"Declare the estimated tax,
I think I'll pay it later;
And baste while matching center backs,
Whichever is the greater."

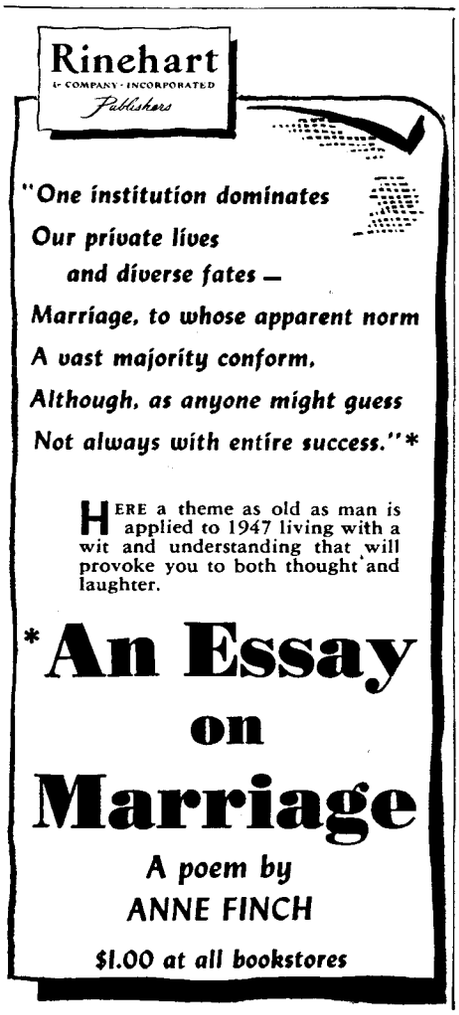
Seam A to C with matching V.
Confound those ifs and whethers;
Take gain or loss (from Schedule D)
And stitch, adjusting gathers."

And so their efforts they increased,
Their calculations blending.
The dress was made; for her at least
There was a happy ending.

RUTH PAINTER RANDALL.

* * *

I thank W. C. Rose of Wellesley Hills, Mass., for sending me a limerick by his brother which, unfortunately, I have not space to use; I thank Doris J. Stettner of Brooklyn for "The Island," which I am sorry I cannot print; I thank Mrs. Ernest L. Carr of Milton, Massachusetts, for sending me a copy of George Bernard Shaw's famous poem on "Inge," first printed in *John O'London's Weekly*, April 25, 1931; I thank Rose Glazier of Hollywood for telling me of the death of Edward H. Morrell, the subject of a letter from Miriam Allem De Ford which I printed lately. [Mr. Morrell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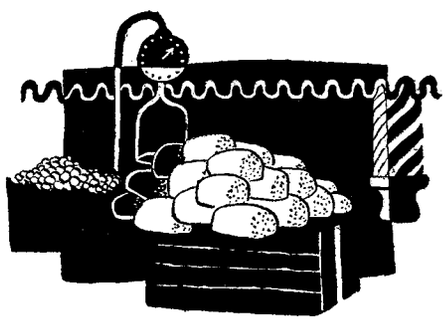

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actually died on November 11, 1946. He became, as you have been told, the prototype of Jack London's "The Star Rover," which story, by the way, one of the classics of fantasy, will be reprinted in *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, for February (on sale December 20)]; I thank Henry John Firley for telling me that the marrow of the phoenix was a rare delicacy to the ancient Chinese gods; I thank Mrs. Jane Wrobleski of Rocky River, Ohio, for a rhyme about her cat, Heathcliff; and lastly I thank Donald Fairchild of Chicago for the following:

The chap that makes me really mean
Is one who says "his prose is lean."

* * *

The agenda stands as follows: Those still correcting me on Bert Leston Taylor's "Canopus" (and I am gratified to have such lynx-eyed readers!) are J. L. Beaumont of Penn Yan, N. Y., who also recommends as verse to read in the spring my brother Stephen Vincent Benét's poem "May Morning" page 50 in "Young Adventure"; Donald T. Brodine of Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vermont; Robert Hammond Murray of the editorial department of The Military Service Publishing Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Marjory Gane Harkness, Realtor, Tamworth, New Hampshire; and Joseph Henry Jackson, the noted book-reviewer of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, California.

* * *

Kohn F. MacCana of Boston, Massachusetts, seems to be the final word on that lake that Mr. Johnson of Jackson Heights precipitated upon us. Nobody has ever got the spelling of it straight since, including Helen Mulhall in her recent poem. O linotypers, watch your linotypes!

I beg to say that there seems to be a little confusion regarding the spelling and pronunciation of the name of Massachusetts somewhat famous pond.

Here 'tis, with syllables stressed in CAPITALS:

Char GOG gag GOG ga GOG ga GOGG a GOGG a MANCH a BUNG a GUNG a MAUGG.

Why, it almost sings itself!

According to one legend, two small sub-tribes of Indians (one, I think, was the Nipmucks) used to quarrel about the fishing right in this pond. Finally they held a pow-wow and arrived at a decision, and the name of the pond is, in English, the nub of this decision: "We fish on our side, you fish on your side, nobody fish in the middle."

* * *

Don't cast any shadows tomorrow!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 671

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

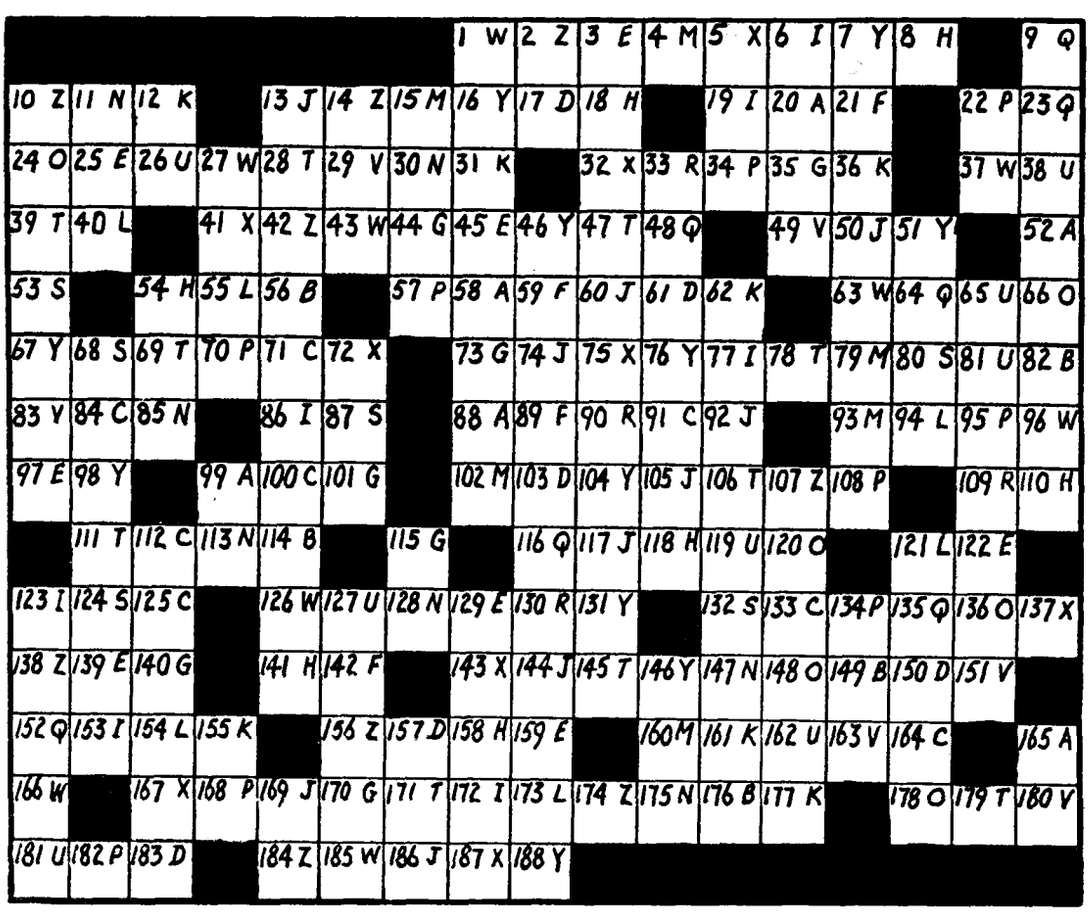
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A descending sandstorm.	20 99 58 165 52 88
B. American painter (1884-1936; landscapes, murals, stained-glass work).	56 82 176 149 114
C. Tycho's star in Cassiopeia (2 wds.).	100 125 133 71 164 91 112 84
D. Noted football coach of Notre Dame Univ., killed in an airplane crash (1931).	103 157 61 17 150 183
E. English settlers, a corruption by N.A. Indians.	3 159 122 25 129 97 139 45
F. Chief; leader; military commander (Sp.).	59 21 142 89
G. A patronymic of Hercules (Gr. Myth.).	115 35 73 44 101 170 140
H. A lunar crater, 3000 ft. deep, very sharply defined (Astron.).	158 141 18 54 118 110 8
I. Pertaining to the interior of the ear.	172 153 19 86 123 6 77
J. Founder of what is now called the Church of the New Jerusalem.	105 186 144 169 60 50 13 74 117 92
K. A poetry "Miscellany" compiled in 1557, the first poetry anthology.	12 135 177 62 161 36 31
L. American essayist and critic, literary editor of Harper's, 1886-98.	55 94 40 154 121 173

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Those instructed in a secret system.	15 102 79 93 4 160
N. A giant whom Hercules slew by holding him off the ground (Gr. Myth.).	11 128 113 147 175 30 85
O. Courage.	178 24 136 148 66 120
P. Viewed with the mind's eye.	134 168 182 70 95 57 22 34 108
Q. A quick return thrust after a parry (Fencing).	23 152 116 64 48 9 135
R. A tree yielding valuable brown dye and hard, durable wood (P.I.).	109 33 90 130
S. Bricks cracked by rain during burning.	68 124 80 53 87 132
T. Standing in juxtaposition.	39 111 171 179 106 28 69 78 145 47
U. Czar of Russia, 1894-1918.	162 181 119 38 127 65 26 81
V. A foil, esp. for a comedian (Theatre slang).	163 180 29 49 151 83
W. To elicit (2 wds.).	63 1 126 43 166 185 27 37 96
X. Preserved or cherished as something sacred.	187 137 32 5 41 167 75 72 143
Y. Indomitable (Comp.).	7 51 46 67 188 76 16 131 98 146 104
Z. Surrounded as by a circle.	138 2 156 184 10 107 14 42 174

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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